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CORRESPONDENCE.

It is sometimes difficult to make, in each weekly number, the variety we desire. Having been a week or two without our usual supply of tales, we in this number have one which is longer than we could have wished—but it was not easy to divide it. In the next, having now a fresh supply of materials, we shall be more various.

Mrs. Caudle's Lectures—(or rather Mr. Caudle's, for they were never submitted to the lady's revision)—have lost the charm of novelty to us. Supposing them to be good, there is too much of it. But, besides, upon Mr. Caudle's own showing, we are scarcely able to avoid the opinion that she was really an ill-used woman. There was something so harsh, so ungentlemanly, so unmanly in his manner of refusing to "let her dear mother live with them," and he was evidently so unconscious of the nature of his self-exhibition, that we lost all sympathy with him, really thinking his wife the greater sufferer. We mean to be fair—the lady may not have been entirely in the right always. But supposing the residence of her mother with them, to have been, from any or many causes, inexpedient, yet one would think the request could not have been refused without much tenderness and pain. And when he invited the party of drinking, smoking, revellers to the house in her absence, he showed anything but the meek and quiet spirit which he desires we should give him credit for;—and we think her wrath on the occasion was rather feeble considering the provocation. But there has been another Lecture upon the subject of a godfather and a name for their sixth child, which satisfied us that if Mr. Caudle ever had the feelings of a *man*, he has now lost them. We have no patience with him! The only excuse that can be offered for him is that he may have become a sot, and that is very likely.

From the Amulet.

THE SABBATH BELL.

The Sabbath-bell! how sweetly breathes  
O'er hill and dale that hallowed sound,  
When spring her first bright chaplet wreathes  
The cotter's humble porch around:—  
And glistening meads of vernal green—  
The blossomed bow—the spiral corn—  
Smile o'er the brook that flows between,  
As shadowing forth a fairer morn.

The Sabbath bell!—'t is stillness all,  
Save where the lamb's unconscious bleat  
And the lone-wood-dove's plaintive call,  
Are mingling with its cadence sweet:  
Save when the lark, on soaring wing,  
At heaven's gate pours her matin song:  
Oh! thus shall feathered warbler sing,  
Nor man the grateful strain prolong!

The Sabbath bell!—how soothing flow  
Those greetings to the peasant's breast!  
Who knows not labor, ne'er can know  
The blessed calm that sweetens rest!  
The day-spring of his pilgrimage,  
Who, freed awhile from earthly care,  
Turns meekly to a heaven-taught page,  
And reads his hope recorded there.

The Sabbath-bell!—yes, not in vain  
That bidding on the gale is borne;  
Glad respite from the echoing wain,  
The sounding axe, the clamorous horn;  
Far other thoughts those notes inspire,  
When youth forgets his frolic pace,  
And maid and matron, son and sire,  
Their church-way path together trace.

The Sabbath-bell!—ere yet thy peal  
In lessening murmurs melt away,  
'T is sweet with reverent step to steal  
Where rests around each kindred clay!  
Where buried love and severed friends,  
Parent and offspring shrouded lie!  
The tear-drop falls—the prayer ascends,  
The living muse and learn to die!

The Sabbath-bell!—'t is silent now;  
 The holy fane the throng receives:  
 The pastor bends his aged brow,  
 And slowly turns the sacred leaves.  
 Oh! blest where blending ranks agree  
 To tread the path their fathers trod,  
 To bend alike the willing knee,  
 One fold before one fostering God!

The Sabbath-bell!—Oh! does not time  
 In that still voice all eloquent breathe?  
 How many have listened to that chime,  
 Who sleep those grassy mounds beneath!  
 How many of them who listen now  
 Shall wake its fate-recording knell,  
 Blessed if one brief hour bestow  
 A warning in the Sabbath bell!

## LITTLE STREAMS.

LITTLE streams, in light and shadow  
 Flowing through the pasture meadow;  
 Flowing by the green wayside;  
 Through the forest dim and wide;  
 Through the hamlet still and small;  
 By the cottage; by the hall;  
 By the ruined abbey still;  
 Turning, here and there, a mill;  
 Bearing tribute to the river;  
 Little streams, I love you ever!

Summer music is their flowing;  
 Flowering plants in them are growing;  
 Happy life is in them all,  
 Creatures innocent and small;  
 Little birds come down to drink  
 Fearless on their leafy brink;  
 Noble trees beside them grow,  
 Glooming them with branches low,  
 And between, the sunshine glancing,  
 In their little waves is dancing.

Little streams have flowers a many,  
 Beautiful and fair as any;  
 Typha strong, and green bur-reed;  
 Willow-herb with cotton-seed;  
 Arrow-head with eye of jet,  
 And the water-violet;  
 There the flowering rush you meet,  
 And the plummy meadow-sweet;  
 And in places deep and stilly,  
 Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams, their voices cheery  
 Sound forth welcomes to the weary,  
 Flowing on from day to day,  
 Without stint and without stay.  
 Here, upon their flowery bank,  
 In the old times pilgrims drank:  
 Here, have seen, as now, pass by  
 Kingfisher and dragon-fly;  
 Those bright things that have their dwelling  
 Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly,  
 Murmuring not and gliding slowly;  
 Up in mountain-hollows wild,  
 Fretting like a peevish child;  
 Through the hamlet, where all day  
 In their waves the children play,—  
 Running west, or running east,  
 Doing good to man and beast,  
 Always giving, weary never,  
 Little streams, I love you ever!

Mary Howitt.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

JOHN RONGE, THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES, AND THE NEW GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. This is an opportune publication, as the American world wishes to understand this new Reformation.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE, No. 30. ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE, 55, 56.

DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE, No. 9. Completing Vol. 1.

BARNES' NOTES ON THESSALONIANS, TIMOTHY, TITUS AND PHILEMON.

SELF. By the Author of Cecil.

NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN. No. 4.

DE ROHAN. An historical romance by Eugene Sue.

HARPERS' ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED BIBLE. Nos. 28 and 29—reaching to Jeremiah.

HARPERS' ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE, 53 and 54. As You Like It.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY. Nos. 3, 4 and 5. A very useful and entertaining book. THE SMUGGLER; by G. P. R. James.

From Redding & Co., Boston.

Redding & Co., Boston, have issued in one neat and compact volume, THE RECREATIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH, by Professor Wilson. This will be a pleasant companion to the weary resident of a hot city, who loves to dream of the freshness of lake, mountain and forest—and to all who love the beautiful and grand, whether in poetry or in nature. We are glad to see that these active Boston publishers of cheap books should turn their attention to what is so good as well as cheap. This will be a standard book for many years.

THE NASSAU MONTHLY is attractive in its appearance, but we have not yet been able to read it.

THE CRUCIBLE, a Magazine of Fact, Fiction and Facetiae.

THE BUSINESS GUIDE AND LEGAL COMPANION.

Wiley and Putnam, New York, have begun to publish their LIBRARY OF AMERICAN BOOKS, in size and style to correspond with their reprint of Choice Literature. No. 1, is the JOURNAL OF AN AFRICAN CRUISER, edited by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. No. 2. TALES by EDGAR A. POE. No. 3. LETTERS FROM ITALY, by J. T. HEADLEY. This is likely to be of much service to our Home Literature.

From E. Ferrett & Co., Philadelphia.

THE WIFE: a Story for my young Countrywomen. By T. S. ARTHUR. On the credit of Mr. Arthur's authorship we recommend this to young ladies, although we have not yet read it. It is a Temperance Tale.

Periodicals for June.

THE MONTHLY ROSE. E. H. Pease & W. C. Little, Albany, N. Y.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER. Wm. Macfarlane, Richmond, Va.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, with a portrait of M. B. Laman of Texas. H. G. Langley, N. Y.

THE EVERGREEN, a church offering for all seasons. Salkeld, Hitchcock & Stafford. New Haven.

From the Spectator.

## MEMOIRS OF THE YOUNG PRETENDER.\*

THE daring enterprise and romantic interest of the rebellion of 1745, by making the subject a favorite theme for novelists, have rendered the Pretender more familiar to readers, and presented him in a more favorable light, than his attempt or his character altogether deserves. If we take the enterprise in its first and obvious aspect, it looks heroic to undertake the conquest of a kingdom by a bold reliance on the fidelity of the Highland clans and the more uncertain partisanship of the Lowland Jacobites. The risk, however, was not the Pretender's. He put nothing to hazard but his life; against which was set the mightiest kingdom in the world. His followers not only ran the same risk without any similar stake, but exposed their families to ruin and their country to devastation; and they did this hopelessly, yielding against their better judgments to the selfish solicitations of their prince. The unexpected success which followed the outset of his attempt, in a great measure through Cope's incapacity, has rendered it apparently more justifiable than it really was; for neither in the estimation of his own followers nor in a critical examination of each stage of the campaign was there the slightest probability of success without the assistance of a foreign force. This his most devoted adherents made a *sine qua non* condition in all their correspondence with the Stuart family abroad: this, he himself states in a memorial to Louis the Fifteenth after his return, was the cause of his not being able to take advantage of the victory of Prestonpans and march at once to England—"avec trois mille hommes de troupes régulières, j'aurais pénétré en Angleterre immédiatement après avoir défait le Sieur Cope." But this was the very thing that could not be. No naval efforts can at all times stop single vessels, because they can be prepared and sail secretly; but an army cannot be occultly collected and transported. A few years earlier, France had prepared a force for an invasion; which, sailing after a long blockade, was tempest-tost and driven back, and would have been met by an ample force had it even landed. During the insurrection of 1745, France did what she could; sending ships with money, arms, and officers; the majority of which were intercepted by the British cruisers. But forces she could not send, from the circumstances we have already stated. Writers who have held that if the prince had advanced from Derby upon London he might have succeeded, as he did at Edinburgh, seem to overlook the essential difference in the two cases. The Scotch expedition was a daring surprise; and rashness or impudence which passes all calculations is sure to succeed in the first stage, because no foresight can guard against it. Yet with more activity on the part of the authorities, and greater skill on the part of Cope, Charles might have been checked if not defeated at the outset: and, after all, the armies at Prestonpans were nearly equal in point of numbers, from the fact of the extreme rashness of the attempt. But at Derby the pretender's forces were what M. Thiers calls enveloped: Wade behind them, Cumberland in advance upon their right, and another army in position between them and

London, which the king was going to command in person—in short, five thousand men against thirty thousand. Nor were these troops like Napier's army against the Belooches, in search of a battle. Their proposition was *not* to fight; they had even no hope of victory. They slipped by Wade; they intended to slip by Cumberland; they proposed to themselves (or rather, the pretender proposed, for his officers refused the adventure) no other chance than to break through the army at Finchley. Surely no military critic will hold that five thousand men surrounded by three armies amounting to thirty thousand, not one of which they expect to defeat, could permanently hold a position, much less conquer a kingdom and change a dynasty.

The personal character of the pretender seems not to have been much better than his public. Little is known of him in his youth; his middle age was passed in an obscure kind of mystery, and his decline of life in the practice of gross drunkenness. His person was attractive; his manners winning and gracious—though perhaps the loyalty of the Highland Jacobites indisposed to criticism; his personal courage was considerable, but, it would seem, uncertain; his power of physical endurance vast and wonderful. Few have ever gone through such hardships as he endured in his wanderings after the battle of Culloden—no one, probably, with so much anxiety upon the mind. Selfishness, not in a gross or common form, but in a thorough indifference to consequences, was, however, a strong feature in his character; and this quality, which ruined his adherents and devastated a country to which he professed a strong attachment, was probably one sustaining cause of his philosophy, if the selfishness arose from a blind indifference to the future. Coupled with this Stuart selfishness was the Stuart obstinacy, that induced him years after to offend his British adherents by refusing to part with Miss Walkenshaw, whom he did not care about, but they suspected of treason. The same failing made him oppose the wishes of Louis the Fifteenth, who had stipulated at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle that he should leave France; for successful resistance was out of the question; the idea of "exposing" the French court absurd; and he provoked those to whom he had chiefly to look for future success, and indeed for future subsistence. It is also to be noted, that in spite of the enthusiasm with which he was at first received, he contrived to outlive it all. Age, no doubt, removed followers; failure on his part and ruin on theirs might be a fertile source of discontent: but one, at all events, who thought ill of him, was a man of honor, who retained his principles though he despised the individual. This distinction between person and cause Mr. Klose does not see.

The great act in the pretender's life was the 1745: for the incident of his arrest in Paris and forcible expulsion from France was a transient effect. All beyond is flat, trivial, or saddening—if we could believe that his later habits were only the effect of his misfortunes. A few pages would contain the whole of his private career; and his public life has been presented to the English reader in every form and every variety of extent; so that nothing more remains to be told. A work like that of Mr. Klose was not wanted in England. In Germany, where it was originally published, in the German language, it is probably useful: for an introductory view of the family story of the

\* Memoirs of Prince Charles Stuart, (Count of Albany,) commonly called the Young Pretender; with Notices of the Rebellion in 1745. By Charles Louis Klose, Esq. In two volumes. Colburn.

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"The English government began to complain loudly of the non-execution of the treaty; and the Marquis de Puisieux had some trouble to excuse his government. He promised, however, that immediately on the return of a courier who had been sent to Rome, the French cabinet would come to a determination that should fully satisfy the king of England. Nor was this promise given in vain. Another attempt had been vainly made by the Duc de Gesvres, in the king's name, to prevail on Charles to remove to Freiburg; where the canton, he was assured, was ready to receive him in a manner suitable to his rank and merit. James had also been induced to address another letter to his son, entreating him to yield to the force of circumstances, and not to incense the king of France by further resistance. This letter was transmitted from Rome open to king Louis; who sent it with an autograph letter of his own, offering the prince a pension to be spent out of France, and leaving a blank for the amount to be filled up by Charles himself. These letters, delivered by the Duc de Gesvres, failed to produce the intended effect; and a similar message from the king, conveyed subsequently by the Comte de Maurepas, was equally ineffectual. A regular council of war was thereupon called, on the 21st of December, 1748, at which it was resolved that the more serious measures with which he had been repeatedly threatened should be put into execution.

"On the afternoon of the same day, as Charles was walking in the garden of the Tuileries, an anonymous letter was handed to him, in which he was informed of every particular that had occurred in the council; but the intelligence thus conveyed was incapable of altering his determination to yield only to open force. At the usual hour he drove to the opera. On his way through the Rue St. Honoré, some unknown person warned him, in a loud voice, that he was about to be arrested: but this did not prevent him from proceeding as he had intended. In the vicinity of the theatre, all the requisite measures had been taken to secure the prince's person without danger. The opera house was surrounded by twelve hundred men, under the command of the Duc de Biron. The guards at all the avenues had been doubled, and the sentinels at the doors received orders to let no one pass out of the theatre. In case Charles should take refuge in an adjoining house, scaling-ladders had been provided, and battering-rams to force in doors and windows. Three surgeons even, and a physician, had been ordered to be in attendance in case of accident.

"All these preparations having been made, Major de Vaudreuil, of the French Guard, attended by a number of non-commissioned officers in plain clothes, placed himself at the entrance of the theatre; and, as soon as the prince had stepped out of his carriage, two sergeants, at a preconcerted signal, seized his arms from behind, two caught hold of his hands, his thighs were grasped by the arms of a fifth, and his feet secured by a sixth. In this manner he was carried through a long passage into an alley, or cul-de-sac, near the theatre, where De Vaudreuil declared him a prisoner in the king's name. The attendants of Charles had in the mean time delivered up their swords, and, with one exception, been conveyed to the Bastille; orders having been sent to the governor to treat them with respect. The livery-servants were sent to a prison; and all the prince's effects were placed under seal. In the cul-de-sac, after the prince had delivered up his sword, his pistols, and a double-bladed knife, arms which since his return from Scotland he had been constantly in the habit of carrying about him, he was bound hand and foot by Vaudreuil, on a signal given by the Duc de Biron. When this indignity was offered him, Charles had already pledged his word that he would attempt no violence either on his own person or against others. By an absurd affectation of respect for the prisoner's rank, ten ells of crimson silk riband had been provided for the purpose of binding him. Charles expressed his surprise at seeing an officer of the Royal Guard undertaking such a task; but to this reproach no answer was returned. Swathed like an infant, as Power expresses himself, the prince was then lifted by four soldiers into a fiacre; where Vaudreuil placed himself by his side. Two other officers took the opposite seats; two others rode, one at each window of the carriage. Six grenadiers, with fixed bayonets, mounted behind, and a detachment of cavalry followed. In the Faubourg St. Antoine the horses were changed; when Charles could not refrain from asking, whether they were taking him for sale to Hanover. [He was carried to the castle of Vincennes and confined there.]

"On the 28th of December, he was taken under a military escort to Beauvoisin, a small French town on the borders of Savoy. The carriage in which he had travelled drove over the bridge that served to mark the limits of the two states and then, unaccompanied even by a servant, Charles was set down upon the high road, to find his way on foot to Chambéry in the best manner he could."

From the Boston Atlas.

#### THE EMIGRANTS TO OREGON.

BANK OF THE NEBRASKA, May 13, 1845.

To the Editor of the *Sangamo Journal*:

WE have crossed the Nebraska (or Platte) and Kansas rivers. It is now the 13th of May, and we are encamped on the north bank of the Platte river, where we shall organize preparatory to our arduous journey to the west.

My teams, wagons, cattle, and all concerned, have stood the trip, so far, (all things considered,) better than expected. My cattle are thriving. I kill all my calves.

The present emigrating party consists of about five hundred wagons—one hundred and seven are in our company—thirty-five are a few miles ahead,

From the Boston Atlas.

## THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

and some seventy are a few days behind. But it is impossible to speak definitely as regards the number of teams. The number of souls is said to be between six and seven thousand. The number of cattle is immense, exceeding, in all probability, ten thousand head. Our teams, horses, mules, ponies, cattle and wagons, stretched out in procession some three miles in length on the broad prairies, present a grand spectacle. The Caw Indians flock around us like crows. Their business is to "swap," ostensibly, but in reality it is begging and stealing. More or less cattle are stolen every night. These Indians are great cowards, poor and faithless. They meet you with an air of courtesy, extend the hand of friendship in graceful waving circles to all, and shake hands most heartily with any one of the company who notices them most—and the next business is "swap," "swap." In this traffic, the supplying of their present wants is the standard value they attach to their money. To all appearances, these Indians are in a wretched, starving condition.

The soil and face of the country, from Independence to the Nebraska river, is equal, in point of beauty and fertility, to any I have seen. Timber is very scarce; small groves, however, of an excellent quality, are found along the streams. The prairies are beautifully rolling—the soil rich and deep. The Nebraska river has shallow banks, and its bottom is quicksand. The creeks which we have crossed, however, that empty into the Nebraska, have deep banks and muddy bottom; on some the soil is more than fifteen feet in depth. These deep channels and muddy bottoms have given us much trouble. Quite a number of cattle, in crossing them, get tired; and sometimes we have had to haul from fifteen to twenty out by their horns.

Limestone is abundant on the prairies. A stratum of rock lies on a level, showing itself above ground in almost every declivity which passes its level.

Our road so far has been very good, although apparently not very direct in its course. I can say but little of the prospects of the Oregon emigration. I can now only give you a faint idea of its magnitude, and the character of the people who compose it. From the best information I can obtain, the number of emigrants will be five-fold to what it was last year; but you must bear in mind that it was then greatly exaggerated. Of its character, I assure you, so far as I can judge, I can speak in the most flattering terms. Agreeable acquaintances are every day formed. Gentlemen and ladies, too, of liberal minds and means, are in the midst of our social circle. Finally, there is something ennobling in the very idea of an expedition so fraught with consequences, so self-devoting in its effect. No narrow-minded soul is fit for Oregon. If such embark, discord and confusion follow; they will shrink from the undertaking, and escape to the States. But those whose minds are congenial to the enterprise, and present their shoulders to its hardships, their breasts to its dangers, and their means and talent to the accomplishment of its purposes, will, I doubt not, be well rewarded.

I fear we have more cattle than we can protect. We are now obliged to have one hand to every twelve head.

The emigrants are all in good health and spirits.

Respectfully, yours,  
W. B. IDE.

It is understood that this excellent wit and humorist—this warm-hearted friend of the human race—this man, who has made his name known, all the world over, by the thrilling effusions of his splendid genius—has died poor, and left a wife and children dependent on the bounty of that world which their husband and father has so often gratified and delighted with the brilliant products of his mind. Our friend and correspondent—the Sketcher—has made an appeal, in verse, in their behalf, in another column. Would it not be a noble tribute to transatlantic genius—worth the proceeds of all the copy-right laws that the cupidity of Dickens could have devised—if the liberality of Bostonians should be put forth, voluntarily, to pay back to the widow and fatherless children of Thomas Hood some portion of the debt which we all owe him, for the numerous moments of our lives which his productions have contributed to render happy! Our correspondent's "*twenty dollar bill*" shall not go over the seas alone, while we have another to accompany it.

We are happy to state that we shall be able, ere long, to lay before our readers a highly interesting "*RECOLLECTION OF THOMAS HOOD.*"

"Will not some of the 'merchant princes' of Boston head an American movement, to show gratitude and respect to 'an eminent FRIEND OF MAN!'"—*Littell's Living Age.*

Oh! ye who have often smiled

At the poet's mirthful line;

Whose hearts have been touched by the wondrous charm

Of his thoughts and feelings fine;

As the sparkling mental ore,

Which his genius dug, ye prize,

Think that the miner's children stand,

With his wife, on "*THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS!*"

Whilst he, who befriended the poor,

Lies low in his silent bed,

Shall his widow and helpless orphans ask

In vain for their daily bread!

Oh! ours should it be to sustain,

And penury's hand avert

From the gloomy and desolate hearth of him

Who sang "*THE SONG OF THE SHIRT!*"

Women, weary and faint,

Over their midnight oil;

Sturdy laborers, ground into dust

By the ceaseless wheels of toil;

Unfortunates rushing on death—

As *WEALTH* struts proudly on—

Whilst he labored alike for bread and breath—

Such were the themes of his song.

WIT, bright as the diamond's point,

Which pierced, nor inflicted pain;

And HUMOR, which played o'er the polished mind,

Nor left a corroding stain,

Were his—and to creed or clime

His genius was unconfined;

From the depths of a loving heart he sung,

And his gifts were for all mankind.

He hath sung us the latest song,

Which will move us to smiles or tears;

And humanity's voice shall join with fame's,

To laud him through future years:

But praises are empty breath;

And when Fame hath her trumpet blown,

Stuarts, the history of the Rebellion of 1745, and the subsequent escape of the prince, may be little known to continental readers; and it is of these things that the two volumes chiefly consist. The execution is respectable, though not very striking; clear, fluent, and readable, but not very forcible in style, and still less so in seizing the characteristic traits of persons and events. France, Scotland, England, and a century ago, are all passed through Mr. Klose's mind to come out representing his characteristics rather than their own. His judgment is in the main fair, but favorable to the pretender, and much too favorable to the expedition.

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"The English government began to complain loudly of the non-execution of the treaty; and the Marquis de Puisieux had some trouble to excuse his government. He promised, however, that immediately on the return of a courier who had been sent to Rome, the French cabinet would come to a determination that should fully satisfy the king of England. Nor was this promise given in vain. Another attempt had been vainly made by the Duc de Gesvres, in the king's name, to prevail on Charles to remove to Freiburg; where the canton, he was assured, was ready to receive him in a manner suitable to his rank and merit. James had also been induced to address another letter to his son, entreating him to yield to the force of circumstances, and not to incense the king of France by further resistance. This letter was transmitted from Rome open to king Louis; who sent it with an autograph letter of his own, offering the prince a pension to be spent out of France, and leaving a blank for the amount to be filled up by Charles himself. These letters, delivered by the Duc de Gesvres, failed to produce the intended effect; and a similar message from the king, conveyed subsequently by the Comte de Maurepas, was equally ineffectual. A regular council of war was thereupon called, on the 21st of December, 1748, at which it was resolved that the more serious measures with which he had been repeatedly threatened should be put into execution.

"On the afternoon of the same day, as Charles was walking in the garden of the Tuileries, an anonymous letter was handed to him, in which he was informed of every particular that had occurred in the council; but the intelligence thus conveyed was incapable of altering his determination to yield only to open force. At the usual hour he drove to the opera. On his way through the Rue St. Honoré, some unknown person warned him, in a loud voice, that he was about to be arrested: but this did not prevent him from proceeding as he had intended. In the vicinity of the theatre, all the requisite measures had been taken to secure the prince's person without danger. The opera house was surrounded by twelve hundred men, under the command of the Duc de Biron. The guards at all the avenues had been doubled, and the sentinels at the doors received orders to let no one pass out of the theatre. In case Charles should take refuge in an adjoining house, scaling-ladders had been provided, and battering-rams to force in doors and windows. Three surgeons even, and a physician, had been ordered to be in attendance in case of accident.

"All these preparations having been made, Major de Vaudreuil, of the French Guard, attended by a number of non-commissioned officers in plain clothes, placed himself at the entrance of the theatre; and, as soon as the prince had stepped out of his carriage, two sergeants, at a preconcerted signal, seized his arms from behind, two caught hold of his hands, his thighs were grasped by the arms of a fifth, and his feet secured by a sixth. In this manner he was carried through a long passage into an alley, or cul-de-sac, near the theatre, where De Vaudreuil declared him a prisoner in the king's name. The attendants of Charles had in the mean time delivered up their swords, and, with one exception, been conveyed to the Bastille; orders having been sent to the governor to treat them with respect. The livery-servants were sent to a prison; and all the prince's effects were placed under seal. In the cul-de-sac, after the prince had delivered up his sword, his pistols, and a double-bladed knife, arms which since his return from Scotland he had been constantly in the habit of carrying about him, he was bound hand and foot by Vaudreuil, on a signal given by the Duc de Biron. When this indignity was offered him, Charles had already pledged his word that he would attempt no violence either on his own person or against others. By an absurd affectation of respect for the prisoner's rank, ten ells of crimson silk riband had been provided for the purpose of binding him. Charles expressed his surprise at seeing an officer of the Royal Guard undertaking such a task; but to this reproach no answer was returned. Swathed like an infant, as Power expresses himself, the prince was then lifted by four soldiers into a fiacre; where Vaudreuil placed himself by his side. Two other officers took the opposite seats; two others rode, one at each window of the carriage. Six grenadiers, with fixed bayonets, mounted behind, and a detachment of cavalry followed. In the Faubourg St. Antoine the horses were changed; when Charles could not refrain from asking, whether they were taking him for sale to Hanover. [He was carried to the castle of Vincennes and confined there.]

"On the 28th of December, he was taken under a military escort to Beauvoisin, a small French town on the borders of Savoy. The carriage in which he had travelled drove over the bridge that served to mark the limits of the two states and then, unaccompanied even by a servant, Charles was set down upon the high road, to find his way on foot to Chambéry in the best manner he could."

From the Boston Atlas.

#### THE EMIGRANTS TO OREGON.

BANK OF THE NEBRASKA, May 13, 1845.

To the Editor of the *Sangamo Journal*:

We have crossed the Nebraska (or Platte) and Kansas rivers. It is now the 13th of May, and we are encamped on the north bank of the Platte river, where we shall organize preparatory to our arduous journey to the west.

My teams, wagons, cattle, and all concerned, have stood the trip, so far, (all things considered,) better than expected. My cattle are thriving. I kill all my calves.

The present emigrating party consists of about five hundred wagons—one hundred and seven are in our company—thirty-five are a few miles ahead,

From the Boston Atlas.

## THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

and some seventy are a few days behind. But it is impossible to speak definitely as regards the number of teams. The number of souls is said to be between six and seven thousand. The number of cattle is immense, exceeding, in all probability, ten thousand head. Our teams, horses, mules, ponies, cattle and wagons, stretched out in procession some three miles in length on the broad prairies, present a grand spectacle. The Paw Indians flock around us like crows. Their business is to "swap," ostensibly, but in reality it is begging and stealing. More or less cattle are stolen every night. These Indians are great cowards, poor and faithless. They meet you with an air of courtesy, extend the hand of friendship in graceful waving circles to all, and shake hands most heartily with any one of the company who notices them most—and the next business is "swap," "swap." In this traffic, the supplying of their present wants is the standard value they attach to their money. To all appearances, these Indians are in a wretched, starving condition.

The soil and face of the country, from Independence to the Nebraska river, is equal, in point of beauty and fertility, to any I have seen. Timber is very scarce; small groves, however, of an excellent quality, are found along the streams. The prairies are beautifully rolling—the soil rich and deep. The Nebraska river has shallow banks, and its bottom is quicksand. The creeks which we have crossed, however, that empty into the Nebraska, have deep banks and muddy bottom; on some the soil is more than fifteen feet in depth. These deep channels and muddy bottoms have given us much trouble. Quite a number of cattle, in crossing them, get tired; and sometimes we have had to haul from fifteen to twenty out by their horns.

Limestone is abundant on the prairies. A stratum of rock lies on a level, showing itself above ground in almost every declivity which passes its level.

Our road so far has been very good, although apparently not very direct in its course. I can say but little of the prospects of the Oregon emigration. I can now only give you a faint idea of its magnitude, and the character of the people who compose it. From the best information I can obtain, the number of emigrants will be five-fold to what it was last year; but you must bear in mind that it was then greatly exaggerated. Of its character, I assure you, so far as I can judge, I can speak in the most flattering terms. Agreeable acquaintances are every day formed. Gentlemen and ladies, too, of liberal minds and means, are in the midst of our social circle. Finally, there is something ennobling in the very idea of an expedition so fraught with consequences, so self-devoting in its effect. No narrow-minded soul is fit for Oregon. If such embark, discord and confusion follow; they will shrink from the undertaking, and escape to the States. But those whose minds are congenial to the enterprise, and present their shoulders to its hardships, their breasts to its dangers, and their means and talent to the accomplishment of its purposes, will, I doubt not, be well rewarded.

I fear we have more cattle than we can protect. We are now obliged to have one hand to every twelve head.

The emigrants are all in good health and spirits.

Respectfully, yours,  
W. B. IDE.

It is understood that this excellent wit and humorist—this warm-hearted friend of the human race—this man, who has made his name known, all the world over, by the thrilling effusions of his splendid genius—has died poor, and left a wife and children dependent on the bounty of that world which their husband and father has so often gratified and delighted with the brilliant products of his mind. Our friend and correspondent—the Sketcher—has made an appeal, in verse, in their behalf, in another column. Would it not be a noble tribute to transatlantic genius—worth the proceeds of all the copy-right laws that the cupidity of Dickens could have devised—if the liberality of Bostonians should be put forth, voluntarily, to pay back to the widow and fatherless children of Thomas Hood some portion of the debt which we all owe him, for the numerous moments of our lives which his productions have contributed to render happy! Our correspondent's "*twenty dollar bill*" shall not go over the seas alone, while we have another to accompany it.

We are happy to state that we shall be able, ere long, to lay before our readers a highly interesting "*RECOLLECTION OF THOMAS HOOD.*"

"Will not some of the 'merchant princes' of Boston head an American movement, to show gratitude and respect to 'an eminent FRIEND OF MAN?'"—*Littell's Living Age.*

Oh! ye who have often smiled

At the poet's mirthful line;

Whose hearts have been touched by the wondrous charm

Of his thoughts and feelings fine;

As the sparkling mental ore,

Which his genius dug, ye prize,

Think that the miner's children stand,

With his wife, on "*THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS!*"

Whilst he, who befriended the poor,

Lies low in his silent bed,

Shall his widow and helpless orphans ask

In vain for their daily bread!

Oh! ours should it be to sustain,

And penury's hand avert

From the gloomy and desolate hearth of him

Who sang "*THE SONG OF THE SHIRT!*"

Women, weary and faint,

Over their midnight oil;

Sturdy laborers, ground into dust

By the ceaseless wheels of toil;

Unfortunates rushing on death—

As *WEALTH* struts proudly on—

Whilst he labored alike for bread and breath—

Such were the themes of his song.

WIT, bright as the diamond's point,

Which pierced, nor inflicted pain;

And HUMOR, which played o'er the polished mind,

Nor left a corroding stain,

Were his—and to creed or clime

His genius was unconfined;

From the depths of a loving heart he sung,

And his gifts were for all mankind.

He hath sung us the latest song,

Which will move us to smiles or tears;

And humanity's voice shall join with fame's,

To laud him through future years:

But praises are empty breath;

And when Fame hath her trumpet blown,

The poet's children will cry for food;  
Oh! shall they receive a stone?

Then, ye who have prized his page,  
Through many a by-gone day—  
An instalment of gratitude's justly due,  
And that to his children pay.  
For a widow and children lone,  
I've flourished my rhyming quill;  
And written this heart-felt appeal on the back  
Of a Twenty Dollar bill!

From the Spectator.

WE are pleased to see that the subscription for Mr. Hood's family makes way. It is not surprising that the merits of the writer and the claims of his family should be strongly recognized. The very nature of his genius, with its startling "union of remote ideas"—the most ludicrous with the most solemn and touching—not only fastened attention on his works as compositions, but was felt to stimulate that attention in an uncommon degree for the vital questions of helpless humanity which he treated. Men pricked up their ears at the jest, and were fain to hear stern lessons earnestly but kindly enforced. His "Song of the Shirt" was an endowment for those of whom it told. On the other hand, the cutting short of a blameless life by disease, as that life was employed to the last in urging not mooted theories but acknowledged duties, is a calamity readily appreciated. No dogmatic jealousies hinder the help needed by the departed philanthropist's family, and the appeal to the public promises well accordingly. Among others, Sir Robert Peel has contributed the handsome gift of 50*l*.

The Scotch papers are publishing what they call the late Mr. Thomas Hood's last note, which was addressed to Dr. Moir of Mussulburg.

"13th March.

"Dear Moir—God bless you and yours, and good-by. I drop these few last lines, as in a bottle from a ship water-logged, and on the brink of foundering—being in the last stage of dropsical debility; but, though suffering in body, serene in mind. So, without reversing my union-jack, I await my last lurch. Till which, believe me, dear Moir,

"Yours most truly,  
THOMAS HOOD."

PUNCH.

**A TARNATION FIX.**—America, it is reported, is desirous of settling the Oregon question by the simple and pacific process of tossing up, and is only, we understand, prevented from making a proposition to the British government to that effect, by the fear of having to borrow a dollar for the purpose.

**NAUTICAL WEATHER ALMANAC.**—We have some idea of publishing a Weather Almanac for the benefit and guidance of those unfortunate individuals who are about to undertake a sea-voyage. The following is a specimen of the sort of useful information which such an almanac would contain:—

If you ask the captain, previous to going on board, what sort of a passage you will have, and he tells you the sea will be as smooth as glass, you must presume that he means glass bottles, which resemble, on a small scale, the ups and downs you are likely to meet with on the ocean.

When you see the tars encasing themselves before leaving the harbor in coalheavers' hats and oilskin overalls, you may make up your mind to a series of involuntary evolutions, such as rolling down the middle of the cabin and up again, changing sides, setting to the lady opposite, advancing and retiring with alarming rapidity, and indulging in a grand round all over the floor of the cabin.

If the captain acknowledges that it may be a little rough, you may prepare for a series of small cataracts down the cabin-stairs, an occasional standing on your head when you fancied you were lying on your side, and a variety of other illusions of a similar character.

When you are told there's no sea to speak of, you may be sure that your utter inability to speak would prevent you from doing so.

**SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.**—The great event in the political sporting world has been the match between little Jack Russell and Bob Peel, the former known as the Whig Pet, and the latter as the Carlton Slasher. The subject of the contest was a race to decide the speed of the two men, in getting to Free Trade, which was fixed upon as the winning-post. Considerable interest had been excited by the announcement of the match, for, though the parties had often sparred together in the parliamentary prize ring, a race in the same direction between the two men was a bit of sport which none but the very knowing ones had ever dreamt of witnessing.

Before the match, betting was in favor of Jack Russell, who knew something of the ground, and had been over a part of it before, though he never had the courage to try his powers to any extent, so that it was really difficult to say how he would get along over it. Bob Peel, on the contrary, had invariably walked in quite an opposite direction, and the ground was so new to him, that many wondered at his boldness in undertaking a match where every step must be quite out of the track he had all his life been accustomed to. What, however, he wanted in the way of habit, was more than compensated by his hardihood—or, as it is technically termed, "pluck;" and as Jack Russell had sometimes shown himself timid in going on when he had once started, his antagonist became rather the favorite. At a given signal the men went away, but the Carlton Slasher made one or two false starts, and it was for some time doubtful whether he was really in earnest, and intended to complete the match, or whether he had been merely trifling. At length, however, he slipped off, and though the Whig Pet was a little beforehand with him, the Carlton Slasher struck away at such an unexpected speed, that his own backers were more surprised than any one. Jack Russell now began to step out, and managed to get side by side with Peel for some little time, but the latter soon distanced the former, who was allowed by his own friends to have been fairly beaten in the Free Trade foot-race by the Slasher.

REMARKS.

The race was on the whole a very good one, and Jack Russell might have had the best of it if he had gone fairly and honestly to work at once, instead of wavering, as he did in several instances. Bob Peel showed considerable game, and a good deal of tact, for he evinced consummate skill in getting to the right side at the right time, and turning so as to make the very best of his ground that was possible.

**CAUTION TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.**—As some five or six painted savages, called O-jib-way Indians, are every day exhibiting themselves in London—exhibiting with paint, blankets, beads, tomahawks, and other seductive prettinesses—it is, we think, warned by what has before occurred, highly necessary that we should caution all parents and guardians against the danger of taking their daughters and wards within the fascinating influence of the darling red men. We understand that two or three of them are animated by the fiercest thoughts of marriage, and that therefore young ladies, of any property whatever, will be in especial danger. For ourselves, we think that no woman who will not declare herself above forty, ought to be admitted. If this rule were rigidly acted upon, we believe that then all London would not supply a single feminine spectator.

#### FATHER MATHEW'S DEBTS.

"My circumstances have become known to friends in England, and with their aid, and some partial help from Ireland, a sum over 7,000*l.* has been raised, and my debts are liquidated."

Who paid the good Father's debts?

I, said John Bull;  
And I'd do it again;  
For I honor honest men;  
So I paid his debts.

Who paid Big Dan?

I, says starving Paddy,  
Though I'm a poor laddy,  
But I'll do all I can  
For that sootherin man,  
Who discourses so gran',  
Och Dan!

**POOR CREATURE!**—We have often heard the Sister Isle called "Poor Old Ireland." Poor Ireland, it seems, is so very old, that she has now lost the use of her members.

**USE AND ABUSE OF THE "——."**—The penny-a-liner is sometimes touched with strange tenderness towards the scoundrel of respectability, for assuredly there is such an animal, and a wicked pest he is. This "conscience and tender heart" was a day or two since strongly developed by the reporter of a case heard at the Mansion House. A young woman was charged before the unaccountable Gibbs with robbery:

"It appeared from the reluctant statement made by the young woman, that Captain P—— had been paying attention to her in Norwich, and had promised to marry her, but that, finding his intentions were not honorable, she had left the town and come to London to avoid his importunities; that the captain followed her to town, and perceiving that she was determined to shun him, charged her with having robbed him of his trunk, just as she was getting into an omnibus."

Now, if Private Potts or Pringle had been guilty of such infamy, he would not have been treated with the tenderness of a "——." No; Potts or Pringle would have been written full, every letter taking its proper share of the iniquity. But then, "what in the captain's but a choleric word," in the aforesaid private would have been very abominable indeed. The way in which the case was disposed of is no less edifying—no less

encouraging to scoundrel captains, wherever they may be.

"The captain sent a certificate to the Mansion House, stating that he had no intention to appear against the young woman, and the lord mayor discharged her."

And so, at the captain's wish, the lord mayor thinks no more of the case than if it were part and parcel of the accounts of Walbrook! Either the captain compromises a felony, and is abetted therein by a magistrate, or he has committed a gross rascality. In such case, why was his name suppressed? Why was it not gibbeted in the paper, that its owner might meet the contempt of every honest man—the scorn of every virtuous woman? But no; it would seem that the "——" was expressly invented for the rascal of respectability.

**PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.**—The costume of 1745 has been, it is said, adopted for Her Majesty's *Bal Poudré*, in order to accustom His Royal Highness the Prince Field Marshal, to the smell of gunpowder.

#### THE ALLEGORY OF THE FOUNTAINS.

"Since the Fountains of Trafalgar Square have begun to play, a well which the Union Club sunk at a great expense is quite dry."

The Clubbists of the Union sunk a well  
Deep, deep in the bowels of Pall Mall;  
The rushing water gurgled in the shaft,  
And all the footmen washed, and all the members quaffed.

Two wondrous fontanels arose to grace  
Lord Nelson's column and Trafalgar Place;  
Deep in the bosom of the earth below,  
The builder digg'd to make his fountains froth and flow.

Up, up to heaven Trafalgar's Fountains rose,  
Their spray bedewed the Duke of Bronte's nose,  
George's fat statue, and St. Martin's Rail,  
And bathed in silver dew Northumbria's Lion Tail.

Down, deeper down, the Union's waters sank,  
No more the footmen washed, the members drank:  
Ask ye the fatal reason of the drought?  
The Union wells were sold, and up Trafalgar's spout.

A moral from these Fountains twain I drew,  
(Each thing in life a moral hath, or two,)  
And thought St. Stephen's Chapel could compete  
With those two aqueducts of Cockspur Street.

The Liberals sought and found the spring and sank it—

It was the cunning Tories came and drank it;  
'T was Russell bade the water rise and flow,  
Lo from Peel's brazen pipes it issues now!

Thus recognizing Whig and Tory types  
In voluble and brazen water-pipes—  
I'm thankful that the stream at last is free;  
Bobby or Johnny, what's the odds to me!

'T is hard for John, no doubt, that Stealthy Bob  
His stream of fame should thus divert and rob;  
And that for which he toiled through seasons hot,  
Should fructify another's garden-plot.

Let us, not caring for the strife a dump,  
Accommodate ourselves with Peel for pump;  
And so the liberal waters to compel,  
Pump freemen, day and night! AND WORK THE  
HANDLE WELL!

## A NEW BUTT FOR LORD BROUGHAM.

Ir Lord Stanley retired to the House of Lords in search of a quiet life, it is to be feared he will meet with a disappointment. Lord Brougham has set his eye upon him as a change of diet: he has dropped Lord Campbell for a time, to worry Lord Stanley.

The noble secretary of state for the colonies came off but indifferently in the first rencounter. The occasion was a petition from the Legislative Assembly of Newfoundland, praying that the mail might be made to take St. John's in its way to Halifax. The petition is rather unreasonable: the route proposed by the petitioners is, in so far as the great bulk of the population of British North America are concerned, a circuitous one. The alteration prayed for would give the inhabitants of St. John's a slight advantage, at the cost of a serious inconvenience to all the rest of the North American Colonies. Of this the secretary for the colonies was not aware. He first sought to escape from the discussion by pleading want of notice. Finding his antagonist was not to be thus evaded—for he would withdraw the petition, and reproduce it on another day—Lord Stanley became desperate, and resolved to drink off at once the bitter cup he was not allowed to kiss and pass to the rest. Rather than bear the brunt of a second speech from Lord Brougham, he plunged into a question of which he was confessedly ignorant; and, as will happen with ignorant men, lost the advantage of being on the right side for once, by not knowing it. His office-cue was, that the petition, coming from a colony, ought of course to be opposed; and the first best reason for opposition that occurred to him was laid hold of. He objected to the petition on the ground that the harbor of St. John's was not accessible at all seasons. Lord Brougham replied, "he did not see why it should be less open before the mail-bags were taken to Halifax than after they had been brought back again to Newfoundland." Lord Brougham, apparently, spoke under the impression that the steamer from England touches at Newfoundland on her return, if not on her outward passage. A simple explanation that Newfoundland, as out of the direct route, is served by a branch-mail, would have averted his thrust. But of this Lord Stanley being ignorant, he sat silent under the rebuff—the most mortifying condition imaginable to so eager and vain a wrangler.

The two lords are "well matched for a couple of quiet ones." The war of words, thus begun, is not likely to terminate here. Both have been trained in the gladiatorship of the House of Commons, but Brougham is immeasurably the more powerful: he possesses, moreover, a desire to turn victories to account; while Stanley is contented with gaining them—when he can. The odds are against the colonial secretary.—*Spectator*.

## MAKING CLEAN THE OUTSIDE.

THEY are cleansing St. Paul's of the soot and dust of many years. Washing won't serve the purpose: walls and pillars are scraped and holi-stoned; the church gets a "dry scrub"—like Nicholas Nickleby when the well was "froze." At this moment the façade resembles nothing so much as one of those portraits, clear carnation on one side of the face and smirched with asphalt on

the other, which dealers in paintings expose to show how well they can "restore" pictures. Of course, the dean and chapter know too well the maxims of their own religion to rest satisfied with mere external purification: the cleansing outside is only typical of a more thorough scrubbing to be begun within. And within there is an accumulated dirtiness of which the outside smoke and weather stains give no idea—the dirt of mammon-rusted souls. The buyers who were scourged out of the Temple did not venture to make the privilege of seeing it a matter of purchase and sale. The only person on record who sought to earn something by showing the view from the pinnacles of the Temple was one whom the dean and chapter would scarcely venture to take into their service. And yet what was never done in the Temple of the Jews except by the Devil himself is daily practised by the servants of a Christian cathedral. The dean and chapter pay their menials, as tavern-keepers do, by permitting them to levy contributions on visitors. At the threshold of St. Paul's, at every landing-place on its stairs, in every dim gallery, the luckless visitant is attacked by some extortioner in the shape of an old man or older woman. Even during the reading of prayers these semi-ecclesiastical showmen continue to gather pence in the aisles. It will be a most unchristian act in the dean and chapter to spend so much money in making clean the outside of the cathedral, if a few wheelbarrows are not hired at the same time to carry away this moral muck from the interior.—*Spectator*.

## MR. POWERS' GREEK SLAVE.

A STATUE of a Greek slave, by an American artist, exhibited at the rooms of Mr. Graves in Pall-mall, has attracted deserved attention. Mrs. Trollope found Mr. Hiram Powers modelling wax figures at Cincinnati many years ago; subsequently saw him in Florence somewhat further advanced on his way to fame; and with so much heartiness did her best to help him in the struggle, that when her account with America is finally settled, the incident will outweigh some sins. Not that America has taken much of a national interest in Mr. Powers as yet. The present work is a commission from an Englishman, Mr. Grant, who returns to Florence, it is said, with solid proofs of the success of his generous desire to diffuse, in as practical a way as was possible, the fame of the artist, and the knowledge of what he can do.

The figure is entirely naked, and represents a Greek female slave, standing erect, as exposed for sale in a Turkish market. Chains are on her wrists, and her right hand rests on the column where her dress has been flung. These incidents, and the subdued sense of shame which looks sorrowfully from her face, suffice to tell the story. But the merit of the work is less in the sentiment it displays, than in the marvellous execution and modelling.

And we must very decidedly limit our praise, even here. In short, the figure is so remarkably unequal, that we best describe the effect it produced upon us by saying, we found it difficult to believe its front and back to be the modelling of the same hand. A writer in the "Times" has been called to account for comparing it to a Venus; and he probably did not know why he had made the comparison. The truth is that the

left, or standing leg of the figure, is an exact copy of the same limb in the Venus de Medicis. And exquisite as some of the finishing is, in even this aspect of the statue, there is no part of it to which we can give unreserved praise. The hands are curiously ill-formed. Compare the unequal lines where the fingers join the palm in any living hand, with those clumsy terminations across which a straight line would run; and our meaning will be perceived. So with the foot, the set of the wrist, and the shape of the bosom. It seems to us also that the figure from the hips is decidedly short. It may have been so in the nature copied; but there is no part of the female form in which a certain ideal treatment is so necessary as in this.

With these defects before us we were grieving that we could not cordially assent to the praise the work had elicited, when the figure was turned round. The effect seemed to us wonderful. It would be impossible to exaggerate it. The fulness and massive beauty of the form; the exquisite articulation of every part; the delicate movement of the shoulders; the perfect distribution of the shape; the solid simplicity and ease of position; everything, to such nice minutiae as the points of the elbows and the muscles at the back of the knee;—we thought as fine as they could possibly have been made. It would be difficult to carry the art farther; few have carried it so far. Objection may admit the merit, and question whether, masterly as it is, it belongs to the antique. We do not discuss that; but we call it a merit older than the antique. It is the thing itself. It is what the ancients were inspired by; and it still remains to work new wonders with.

Every one interested in art will find this statue well worthy of a visit. We can only counsel them to look as little in the direct front of it as may be. We cannot account for its amazing inequalities, except by supposing something similar in the living model, and the failure of Mr. Powers' imagination where he had lost his guide.—*Examiner.*

**A CONSERVATIVE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.**—The editor of the *Polynesian* (a Sandwich Island newspaper) calls the late native governor of 'Iawaii "a conservative of the old school." The meaning of this is explained by the context—"He yielded to the new order of things when the force of public sentiment and the authority of his superiors forced on him a partial compliance." Governor Adams was "a regular attendant at church on Sabbath," and "a great patron of the erection of church-buildings;" but, in private, "he was fond occasionally of cavilling at the truth of the Scriptures." Further, we are informed that "he was fond of reading newspapers, but said he could not comprehend the meaning of many words." "His love of gain often led him into dubious acts, from which his Christian friends would have dissuaded him."

In these traits, counterparts of Governor Adams might be found among English "conservatives of the old school." The distinctive mark of the Sandwich Island conservative is, that he "usually, though not always, went clad with garments." In other respects he appears to have shown more compliance with the habits of civilized life. He "ate at a table, and slept on a bed when at home." And he appears to have ap-

preciated the importance of diplomatic dinners as correctly as Lord Palmerston himself: "when entertaining foreigners, his meals were served after the civilized fashion, though very much in the manner it is done on board ship."—*Spectator.*

AN autograph of Shakspeare has recently been discovered on the vellum cover of a little Italian book of the sixteenth century, and has been the subject of dispute at Marlborough Street police-office, this week. The work is entitled "*I Quattro Libri della Filosofia Naturale*," by Giovan Saravia, published in 1565. Mr. Howard, a bookseller, recently purchased the volume, with several others, of a dealer in books living at Hoxton, for a few shillings; having detected the signature, which is very faint, on the cover. This discovery having been made, the book is now valued at 100*l.* or more. Mr. Howard placed it in the hands of Mr. Fletcher, the auctioneer, for sale; whereupon a Mr. Taylor claimed it as his property, declaring that it had been stolen from his library. He was not aware of the existence of the autograph on the cover of the volume, which he bought for sixpence fifty years ago. Mr. Alexander, the Hoxton bookseller who sold it to Mr. Howard, said he bought it with others at an auction. Mr. Howard refused to yield up his prize; and as the matter had not been brought before the magistrate by way of summons, no decision was pronounced. At the suggestion, however, of Mr. Fletcher, the disputants, to avoid a lawsuit, agreed to divide the proceeds of the sale of the book.—*Spect.*

MRS. MALTHUS, the widow of the celebrated writer on population, has sent to the *Morning Chronicle* the following opportune extract from an article which he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* in 1809. "Let the Irish Catholics have all that they have demanded, for they have asked nothing but what strict justice and good policy should concede to them. Let them not only enjoy all the civil advantages of the British constitution, but give them a *Church Establishment*, like Scotland, and we venture to predict that the increasing proportion of the Catholics will be less perceptible. Let the spirit of the Union, or what ought to have been its spirit, be carried into execution without fear or jealousy, till Ireland is in no respect to be distinguished from any other part of the empire but by its situation and superior fertility. Such a train of measures, begun by the government with earnestness and good faith, and while yet the power of the sword is in its hand, would soon work a change in the feelings of men who are known to be highly susceptible of gratitude and affection, and who could receive no such offers from other quarters; and though we will not affirm that all the discontented would be immediately conciliated, yet we are confident that they would be reduced to so few as to be perfectly insignificant, and that the country would then be completely secure against foreign invasion or domestic treason. Notwithstanding the known capriciousness and perverseness of man, we believe that not a single instance can be produced in history of an established government being unable to suppress discontent when justice was clearly and entirely on its side."—*From a Review of "Newenham," in the year 1809, by T. R. M.*

From the Spectator.

## MR. TOLFREY'S SPORTSMAN IN CANADA.

In the early part of 1815, Mr. Tolfrey, then approaching his majority, became a slave to the tender passion; but his papa disapproving of his flame, and having interest at a more potent court than that of love, got the lover into the army and sent off to the Netherlands; whence, shortly after the battle of Waterloo, our sportsman was banished to Canada on a staff-appointment. Here he remained several years during the governorships of Sir John Sherbrooke, the unfortunate Duke of Richmond, and part of Lord Dalhousie's. Staff or any other business does not, however, seem to have pressed very hardly upon his time or attention. His narrative of salmon and trout fishing, snipe and other sporting, in autumn and spring—sleigh-driving, balls and parties, in winter—races, picnics, excursions, in the proper season—with private theatricals, and endless jollifications, come before us in startling contrast to the received ideas of colonial service, especially to such as are inculcated upon the lieges when it is the cue of the representative of "this office" to magnify the misery of troops in the colonies. So far from being a banishment, it seems, in the pages of *The Sportsman in Canada*, to be an exceedingly pleasant variety to the sameness of fashionable life; expensive, perhaps, in the articles of mess and imported goods for dress and field-sports, yet nearly as cheap as the same things at home. But then, ye gods of wood and water, what sporting!—streams on which a fly, at least an artificial fly, never fell, and marshes where snipes rise around in myriads! There are deer to be met with for the adventurous; but they would seem to take a staff-officer too far from his duties. Mr. Tolfrey appears to have shot, or shot at some, in Upper Canada; but that is after his book closes. We should also infer that there is wild-fowl-shooting; but that perhaps was too uncomfortable.

The main subjects of *The Sportsman in Canada* are full accounts of such things as we have indicated. Mr. Tolfrey, however, throws into his narrative a good deal of descriptive and dramatic character, and unconsciously introduces his reader to many sketches of Canadian life. He has also some "good stories" of governors, and other persons such as circulate in particular cliques and classes; a full and interesting account of the death of the Duke of Richmond from hydrophobia—which was induced, it may be remembered, by the bite of a pet fox; and a story of love and romance occurring to a brother officer—which could furnish the Protestant party with some themes on Popish persecution.

*The Sportsman in Canada* is not of a very substantial or instructive kind of reading, unless to fly-fishers and snipe-shooters. It is lively and pleasant enough; but its main attraction arises from the personal character of the author, his earnestness of feeling for his pursuits, and his obvious though unaffected assurance of their excellence if not of their importance. Mr. Tolfrey is of the genus gentleman—not the finished gentleman, or the exclusive gentleman, or the country gentleman, but the gentleman par excellence—one of the "fruges consumere nati,"—born to good living and to amuse himself in the intervals of meal-times. Enjoyment in the spirit of good fellowship, and according to the rules or perhaps the toleration of good society under the regency, was

the aim of Mr. Tolfrey in his young "ties;" and with something of the feeling of Justice Shallow, revelling over the memory of "what this knight and I have seen," he delights in vividly recalling the exploits of his youth when half-a-century has rolled over him. Balls, dinners, picnics, races, sports by flood and field, private plays, and the pomp of mimic war on a field-day, are not only the subjects of his pen, but were the objects of his spontaneous thoughts; and the drilling preparation for the last affair not the pleasantest object. The fact that "there is a world elsewhere" would doubtless have been admitted by him, after he had duly considered the proposition; but he never would have originated the idea. That there is a Wellington he knows; for he seems to have served under him: but the chief idea he has of the duke, even as a soldier, appears to be in conjunction with some good stories connected with Sir John Sherbrooke, the "governor," whom Wellington, though a junior officer, commanded in the Peninsula. Colonization is chiefly regarded with an eye to Canada as a sporting country; and the distress of some poor emigrants, with reference to the amateur performances, which the officers of the garrison, in a commendable spirit of generosity, got up for their relief. All this, however, and much more than this, including reminiscences of his old acquaintance, military, mercantile, and sporting, is done with such a frank and friendly feeling, as to impart more of life and attraction to *The Sportsman in Canada* than its subjects would at first seem to admit of. Such is the power of earnestness. In other hands, however clever or artistical, the stories and reminiscences of Mr. Tolfrey would have lost their animation and reality, from the efforts to impart liveliness and importance. A better mind would have made a worse book, from a more real comprehension of the intrinsic character of the topics, and vain attempts to bestow upon them a factitious character.

From the necessary slightness of the matter, the true character of the writing can hardly be conveyed by extracts, with the space at our disposal. We must therefore content ourselves with a few miscellaneous pieces.

## THE GOVERNOR ON THE COMMISSARIAT.

"That Sir John Sherbrooke was a warm-hearted man, and benevolent by fits and starts, I firmly believe; but he was no more fitted to rule and govern his fellow-men, either in a civil or military capacity, than an inmate of Bedlam. His antipathy to the commissariat service was that of a Scotch terrier to a rat; and whenever he could give these semi-military officers a bite and a shake, he never omitted availing himself of the opportunity. One or two circumstances which came under my own observation may not be out of place here as a tag to the major's anecdotes, before we proceed to the River Chaudé in search of the trout.

"It came to pass, that one fine morning the commissary-general waited on the governor to state officially, that some one had made free with the military chest, and that some five or six hundred pounds were missing; and wound up his report by requesting that his excellency would be pleased to order an investigation and inquiry into the circumstance. The following was the quaint and characteristic reply:—'There it! not the thlight! occasion for invethgation or inquiry, thir! When-

ever there ith a robbery in your department, it ith amongst yourthelves: tho go back to your offith, and find the money ath quick ath potherible!" Strange to say, the abstracted cash was eventually found; but, for obvious reasons, I suppress the names of the parties implicated in the transaction."

#### RECIPE FOR PUNCH.

"While Dan was prevailing upon some water to boil in a huge vessel in the kitchen, we discussed one more bottle of Madeira; and by the time the last glass was tossed off, he made his appearance with a respectable-sized bowl, an enormous jug of boiling water, and a large paper bag filled with sugar. Our punch-maker then commenced operations; and having extracted from his secret store a bottle of his matchless rum, his limes, and a small pot of Guava jelly, he brewed about a pint of green tea, or, as he termed it, caught the aroma of two ounces of best gunpowder; and, the infusion finished, the sugar, or rather two thirds of the proportion required, was dissolved in it. After the tea-leaves had been thrown aside, the remainder of the sugar was rubbed on the rind of the limes; Mr. Hamilton observing, that the essential oil which conveyed the exquisite flavor was more equally distributed throughout the compound than when the skin was peeled. Then the delicious acid of the fruit was added to the already impregnated sugar; and as soon as the several lumps had imbibed the proportion required, the Guava jelly (and without this Occidental confection no punch can be pronounced perfect) was dissolved in a pint or so of boiling water.

"This done, the tea, the sweets, and acid, were commingled; and the foundation, or sherbet, tested by the experienced palate of the 'grand compounder': six glasses of cognac, two of Madeira, and the bottle of old rum, were added, and over all about a quart more of boiling-water, and, as a finishing touch, the slightest possible sprinkling of nutmeg. Here was the punch; and, oh ye gods, what punch! it out-nectared nectar! Such tittle never before had passed my lips. I have, in the West Indies, since the period I am recording, drunk some very luscious and fascinating mixtures very nearly resembling it; but I never knew it surpassed, if equalled, even in the tropical region of yellow fever and land-crabs; for my old friend Hamilton was the best, the very best concocter of punch I ever met with. Whether it was the tea, the limes, or the Guava jelly, I will not pretend to say, but the truth must be told—Captain Griffiths and myself were very curiously 'bosky' by ten o'clock; and, as we were informed the following morning by the Major and Mr. Hamilton, poor Dan had a troublesome job of it in tucking us up for the night."

#### CANADIAN WINTER GARMENTS.

"The sojourner in Canada should be well armed against the cold in the way of clothing. All the great-coats, box-coats, pilot-coats, taglionis, and wrappers of every kind that man ever wore, will avail not unless there be an under-casing of chamois leather. An invisible waistcoat with continuations to match of this impervious material are worth all the woollen materials that ever came from Manchester. A leathern casing worn over the under-drapery will bid defiance to the keenest blast that ever chilled the North American traveller; and the usual winter gar-

ments of our own climate will suffice with the hidden precaution I have made mention of.

"The Canadians of high and low degree invariably adopt a fur or seal-skin cap for winter wear; but a stout beaver hat of an extra size, to admit of a strong lining throughout of the aforesaid chamois leather, will be found a more comfortable covering for the head-piece.

"To proceed to extremities—a word about the feet: the Indian moccasin is the lightest, warmest, and best protection; a large boot made of cloth with a sole of felt is a favorite adoption with some; but a moccasin over an easy boot is the best of all.

"But methinks I hear the impatient reader exclaim, 'This is all very well; but the nose—what is to become of the nose?' Ay! there's the rub, as I shall presently show.

"A Canadian frost is no respecter of persons; his rude, uncouth hand twitches the prominent feature of all: and well do I remember, in the first week of my campaign, when a private of one of the regiments came up to me, and, saluting me with his right hand, rubbed my nose most unceremoniously with his left. To draw back, with a clenched fist preparatory to knocking the fellow down, was the work of a moment: but ere I had carried into effect this pugnacious resolution, the man had retreated, and respectfully announced that the most remarkable feature in my countenance was frost-bitten; and that unless I submitted to instant friction with a bountiful application of snow, I should in all probability rue the consequences, and carry with me, to say the least, very equivocal symptoms of having been deprived of my nasal proportions in a less glorious cause. I gave the fellow a trifling reward for his timely assistance, and have frequently tendered a similar service to the greenhorns."

Notwithstanding the number of recorded cases of hydrophobia, the full account which Mr. Tolfrey gives of the progress of the Duke of Richmond's disease is curious, from the circumstances and resolution of the patient. Even if the words in italics in the following passage were an accidental expression, it was a singular expression: but it possibly was the same misgiving which induces doubtful patients to allude to death, to get a contradiction. The conversation took place at a tent dinner-party in the woods, given on the occasion of laying out the site of a new town.

"As the duke was sipping his claret, he observed to Colonel Cockburn, 'I don't know how it is, Cockburn, but I cannot relish my wine to-night as usual, and I feel that if I were a dog, I should be shot for a mad one.'

"What must have been the feeling that could have dictated such an extraordinary speech! Was it the result of disease operating on the nervous system, and affecting the mind in connexion with the accident itself? This is scarcely conceivable; for up to the moment of the utterance of this singular expression, the duke had never alluded in any way whatever to the circumstance of having been bitten. The insidious poison lurking in the veins may have given rise to sensations which called forth the observation; but under any circumstances it must be quoted as a remarkable instance of prediction, if not of prescience. To the majority of the party present the words were unheeded, or perhaps looked upon as a quaint and passing observation. Not so, however, with Colonel Cockburn and Major Bowles, who viewed

the matter in a more serious light ; for as soon as the meeting broke up and the duke had retired to his tent, they held a consultation, and communicated their thoughts as well as apprehensions to each other."

The following anecdote, when the disorder had made some progress, contains a singular example of the acute sensation of hydrophobia.

"Colonel Cockburn and Major Bowles pressed the duke to partake of some nourishment : but the tea and coffee were untouched, and an impatient gesture of the hand betrayed the sufferings of the object of their solicitude at the sight of liquids. The meal was hurried over with all practicable despatch, and the duke consented to accompany these gentlemen down to the river and embark in the canoe ; and it had been decided upon that Major Bowles was to attend the duke, while Colonel Cockburn rode from the place of embarkation to the Rapids, there to make arrangements for the duke's being conveyed down the Ottawa to Lachine, about nine miles from Montreal. Leaning on the arms of his companions, the duke walked to the river's side ; but the moment his grace saw the water, a spasmodic seizure told the agony he was enduring. He was turning away from the obnoxious element, when his grace was entreated to muster resolution and enter the canoe. With a desperate effort he did so, exclaiming, as he rushed into the frail bark, 'Charles Lennox never was afraid of anything.'

"Major Bowles as quickly followed ; the Canadian boatman shoved off ; and the canoe with its illustrious freight was soon floating down the current. Its course, however, was but of short duration ; for a few seconds had scarcely elapsed ere the duke, in a paroxysm of agony, seized one of the Canadian boatmen by the throat, commanding him with frantic earnestness to row to land.

"The mandate was of too imperative a nature to admit of a refusal or even delay : it was obeyed on the instant ; and the canoe had scarcely grated on the strand before the duke had leaped upon the bank, and was making for the woods. Colonel Cockburn, who had mounted his horse for the purpose of apprizing the *Bateliers* at the station at the head of the Rapids of the duke's approach, had not proceeded half a mile on the road when he caught a glimpse of his grace through the pine-trees running at the top of his speed in an opposite direction from the river. To turn his horse and gallop after the duke was the work of a moment ; and having succeeded in his object, the next point was to place the unhappy nobleman under shelter. One of the boatmen who had followed the duke into the woods having reached the spot where Colonel Cockburn had overtaken his grace, undertook to conduct the party to a farm-house about a quarter of a mile lower down the stream.

"To this humble dwelling the duke was taken : but, when laid upon a sofa in the only habitable apartment of this building, his grace's agitation increased to a violent degree ; and, while laboring under frightful spasmodic affection, he entreated to be removed *further from the river*, as he could hear the rippling caused by the current. In compliance with this request, the duke was supported by Major Bowles and Colonel Cockburn to a barn about a hundred yards in the rear of the dwelling-house ; and a rude bed of clean straw having been piled together in one corner, his grace was laid upon it. It became evident to those around the

sufferer that the dreaded crisis was approaching ; indeed, the duke himself was aware that his last hour was at hand. His grace was perfectly calm and collected and resigned to his fate ; so much so, that a very short time before he breathed his last, the duke wrote a letter to Lady Mary Lennox, his eldest daughter, the contents of which related to family matters of a strictly private nature. From the moment this task had been accomplished, the duke grew gradually worse, and appeared to be sinking. Towards evening, his grace was seized with shivering-fits, and the extremities became cold ; but his senses never forsook him : he recognized every one around him, and prayed to be released from his sufferings. About eight o'clock, this revered and lamented nobleman breathed his last, with the resignation of a Christian, and the fortitude which is inseparable from the just and the good."

DAVID ROBERTS' beautiful sketches of the Temples, Pyramids, and Sculptures of Egypt and of Cairo, are now again exhibited at Mr. Hogarth's Gallery in the Haymarket ; preparatorily to the publication of the Egyptian portion of Mr. Roberts' great work. The celebrity of these drawings renders any fresh testimony to their merits almost superfluous ; but those who have seen them before will be highly gratified, as we have been, by another sight of them ; and the present collection, sixty in number, includes, we believe, some not previously shown ; at least some appeared new to us.

It may suffice to say, that they comprise views of the Temples of Karnak, Luxor, Philoe, Dendera, Edfou, Ibsamboul, and the Memnonium ; the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the Memnon statues ; and the mosques and bazaars of Cairo, taken from various points. The minute accuracy and delicate neatness of the outlines are admirable ; but the great merit of these drawings consists in the perfect idea they convey of the vast magnitude and sublime grandeur of the stupendous relics of Egyptian art. In this respect they are unique : Mr. Roberts has done what no other artist has accomplished, though many have tried.

LONDON PEACE SOCIETY.—The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the society for the promotion of permanent and universal peace took place on Tuesday evening, at Finsbury chapel. The meeting was presided over by Mr. G. W. Alexander. The chairman, in opening the proceedings, spoke of the rapid progress of peace principles, as demonstrated by the increased interest taken in their promulgation both at home and abroad. From the report, it appeared that the society's agent, Mr. Rigaud, had labored in Holland, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and some of the bordering towns of Germany, and that several new auxiliary associations had been formed in different parts of the country. Copies of the society's works were presented to the emperor of Russia and the king of Saxony, when visiting in this country, and also to the king of the French (accompanied by a memorial) on the occurrence of the wars in Morocco, Hayti, and Tahiti. The diet in Switzerland had been likewise memorialized, and a correspondence opened with the American Peace Society regarding President Polk's speech in reference to the Oregon territory.

[The habits and tastes of the American people are so refined and fastidious, that we must apologize for shocking them with some parts of these German scenes, by pleading the desire to show them as much as we can of the Living Age.]

From the Critic.

*A Hot-water Cure, sought out in Germany, in the summer of 1844. The Journal of a Patient.* London, 1845. Saunders and Otley.

Our patient is a gentleman of happier temper than is usually found in travelling Englishmen, especially such of them as are troubled with dyspepsia. In other respects he is a true Briton, "upright and downright," as himself tells us; and, we believe, few who have visited the Continent will hesitate to pronounce an English gentleman superior, in all that becomes the man, to the best specimens of French finikin *politesse* or German formality and selfishness.

Doctors at home differing as to his ailments and their cure, our patient resolved to seek health at foreign spas. Forthwith he took his carpet-bag, and departed for Aix.

The steam voyage to Antwerp, the aspect of that old city, the visit to Brussels and Waterloo, the slow passage by railway to Aix, are too well known to permit of extract. Established there, we must, however, permit him, in his lively manner, to sketch

#### A GERMAN TABLE D'HÔTE.

"The carving department was admirably and promptly performed by the landlord, who rose from table when the joints or fowls came in. A thick wooden tray, a yard long, by half a yard broad, is placed upon the side-table; and upon this the joints, chickens, ducks, &c., are taken from the dishes by shanks, legs, or other convenient handles. Here they were sliced, chopped up most dexterously, shovelled into dishes, and sent round with surprising despatch, while all the time another current of dishes was passing from hand to hand amongst the guests themselves. Although the taking of meat from the dishes and putting it upon a board to be cut up, appears at first unseemly, it is, in point of fact, cleanly enough, for the tray is beautifully white, and frequently changed. But the landlord's dexterity is a thing to see. Angelo himself could not slice an imaginary antagonist to pieces quicker than he does a fowl. 'Left cheek—right cheek—wrist—leg—chop, chop, chop'—and the fowl is in six parts, with both feet amputated. It is done at the rate of a chicken in five seconds, or twelve a minute.

"I wish I could speak as favorably of the manners of the guests as of the excellence of the dinner. A gentlemanly-looking man seated next to me, and having a lady on the other side, committed the first solecism. Wheeling suddenly half round, he hawked most audibly, and then sent a shot diagonally along the backs of the line towards the door. This signal was promptly taken up, and a smart fusillade passed round the table. The firing, however, was heaviest towards the close of the dinner. But this was not nearly so disgusting to me as the silent expectorations of an elderly gentleman opposite, with a narrow green ribbon in his button-hole. Raising the fluid to be discharged by a most unpleasant hydraulic process, he proceeded quietly to eject it between his knees upon

the floor, holding up a hand which was far from an effectual screen. There was a long contest between the force of gravity and the cohesive nature of the fluid; and though the former did eventually prevail, it was not until a line had been spun reaching nearly to the table-cloth. When I say that this gentleman took snuff—but I forbear—I never in all my life saw people, both male and female, eat more enormously; and there was an anxiety and excitement to obtain a favorite dish that they did not attempt to hide. Such a shovelling up of buttered beans upon the blades of knives; such a pitching of trusses of salad into mouths, 'and talking through it;' and such a mopping up of gravy, and polishing of plates with great sponges of bread, I never did see. Soon after the ice had passed round, and before a single lady had left the room, a gentleman drew forth his cigar-case, another did the same—candles came in—and a pretty general 'blowing of clouds' took place round the table. The ladies, I suppose from habit, seemed quite reconciled to this custom; indeed, the smell of the fullest flavored Cuba—the most pestilent rat-tail—is a delicious perfume to the odor of the cold dirty pipe which most Germans carry in their pockets, and which they inhale all their lives."

He dedicates the intervals between bathing and drinking fetid water to a close inspection of the various *sights* of Aix, the notes of which offer no novelty. We prefer his graphic pictures of men and manners. The perpetual bow of the Germans sadly perplexes him. "It is impossible," he says, "to pass a day in this country without being called upon to execute some dozen of bows somehow." He was compelled to take lessons in the art. The bow simple was easy enough; but a much more difficult affair was

#### THE COMPOUND BOW.

"The compound bow is more difficult; like skating, it must be learned young. For instance, a gentleman meets two parties—and ladies should be amongst them—at ten or fifteen yards apart; then it is that you see the triumph of the adept. If the two parties are more than fifteen yards from each other, there is time to resume the hat, and merely repeat the same bow to the second party. If, on the contrary, they are at less than ten yards, the same bow might be made to serve for both. But in the critical interval of the five yards, what does the German do? He warms up his first bow, and throws in a little more spice; raising the hat as if to put it on after passing his first friends, he gives it a slight lift higher than the head with a second motion, and then diving forward lower than at first, he sweeps the hat round to the rear, so that the crown may just clear the ground."

Our patient amused himself with imagining moot points in bowling. Here is

#### A PERPLEXITY SOLVED.

"I have sometimes wondered what a German gentleman would do if he were to receive a bow, and not be able to take off his hat in return. This I had an unexpected opportunity of putting to the proof. Residing at this hotel, and dining with us, there is a little elderly gentleman of rank, (either a count or a baron,) and I have understood a diplomatist. He is at this moment, the great man of the company, and treated accordingly. At table he looks well; wears his ribbon with an air, as if conscious that he deserved no less; com-

ports himself with cheerful dignity to his neighbors, and now and then unbends into a rosy state of enjoyment, when he has a waggish twinkle of the eye, as if he felt that he could turn the flank of old Metternich himself. But in the morning, the case is sadly different. He seems to lay aside his spirit with the ensigns of his order, and a more wretched object at the well I never saw. Seedy, pale, tottering, slow, he toddles helplessly about between his tumblers, a pitiable example of dyspepsia. \* \* \* But it is his bow that I have to do with. Returning, this morning, along one of the passages which connect the hotel with the bath-house, I saw the baron coming towards me with his hat on, a tumbler full of water in one hand, and something like a dressing-case in the other. I had never before met him face to face, in a passage, or, indeed, been within good bowing range of him anywhere; and this was an opportunity not to be neglected. I gathered myself together for the effort; thought for one second of George the Fourth, (I was getting above the landlord,) and at precisely four paces and a half commenced the execution of No. 1 in my best style. The baron was startled, but not taken aback; bending forward gracefully, he raised the dressing-case to show the impossibility of doing as he wished, and then with a second, a lower, and, if possible, a more graceful dive, he slid past, half-turning towards me as he did so, and at the same time raising the tumbler to his breast."

In the fields near Aix he stumbles upon

#### A BLACK BROOK.

"Walking through a meadow near the railway viaduct, I came upon the hot brook, flowing from Boreette towards the millpond; it had a singular appearance, smoking amongst the haycocks, and is a most repulsive looking stream. The water deposits a black slimy substance, which completely covers the bottom and sides of the brook, and which, hanging in flaps, is called 'Jew's ears.' Though the water itself is clear, it looks like a river of ink. Half way up the field, is a small spring, of a still more repulsive appearance, more fetid smell, and a nastier taste. If the ancients had called such a stream as this a river of Hell, there had been something appropriate in it. I disturbed some large rats, who took to the hot water gallantly. The Germans have some strange mystical notions about the composition of these mineral waters; they imagine them full of living animalculæ, which die at a temperature lower than 28° of Reaumur, and refer the undoubted fact of the animal matter they contain, to countless millions of insects. In this case, we are drinking a curious kind of living broth."

There is true Young Englandism, in his comments on

#### SERVANTS IN GERMANY.

"The courtesy towards people of different ranks in this country is pleasing to see; servants are not bullied or spoken harshly to as with us; but the hotel waiters are of a higher caste, and are put in that situation as a kind of apprentice, to learn the science of innkeeping; they have their quiet jokes with the company, as they hand the dishes, and press upon your notice what they have observed you like: '*Mais c'est bon ça, Monsieur, goûtez-en c'est ce que vous aimez.*' Sometimes, when a good workman's plate is overloaded with his chips, they add a little quiet satire, in offering

him the same again. This is better than the vulgar self-sufficiency of an English waiter. One day, at the table d'hôte, a lady handed a glass of wine to one of the young waiters, who drank it reverentially behind her chair; it was her son; and she kept a respectable hotel in Cologne."

A broader philosophy than the immediate subject teaches is suggested by this lively and truthful sketch of

#### DINNER-TABLE CONVENTIONALITIES.

"It is amusing to watch the conventionalities of different people at our dinner-table. One day a Frenchman picking his teeth with his fork, gently reproved a young German for noisily and offensively collecting his saliva, and dropping it on the floor. '*J'en conviens,*' said the other, good humoredly, 'but I really was obliged; it was either that or swallow it.' A Belgian who regards with disgust the conveying of peas to the mouth on the point of a knife, has no scruple in combing his head at table, completing his toilet with a small mirror, with which he examines the state of his back teeth. An Italian, who affects the fine gentleman, and looks contemptuously upon the holiday clothiers of Verviers, who come to spend their Sunday here, will not only spit and do worse, but help himself to strawberries with his well-worn toothpick. A German sits at breakfast with his wife with his hat on, though out of doors he can hardly keep it on his head for bowing. Yesterday, a gentleman helping a lady to champagne, saw something in the wine, and dipped his finger into the glass to remove it; then filled up the glass, and politely presented it. On all sides you see the old principle of 'fingers before forks,' amply carried out in these days. Some of the ladies pick their bones with relish, and forgetting that napkins are liberally supplied, scrupulously lick their fingers afterwards. Even the pretty young lady will persist in dragging her cullets off the dish by the bone. I believe I am the only person who gets the knife and fork changed at every change of plate; but this affectation I mean to discontinue. The practice is, after carefully wiping and polishing the plate with a piece of bread, and swallowing it, to take another piece and wipe the knife and fork: this, at any rate, is better than having them polished up by a common towel, which must happen if every one sent them away with their plates. I am sorry to observe that our guests of all countries lose all sense of restraint or decorum when there is a chance of a favorite dish escaping them. Waiters are then vehemently called to, seized if possible, but wearing no coat-tails, this is not easy; and quietly but deeply cursed if they miss an expectant. After a man has well heaped his own plate, I have known him turn to a neighbor with an '*En-voulez-vous, Monsieur!*' I was much amused one day with a fat plethoric fellow who came in late and sat next to me. The bouillie was going round, but had passed him while eating his soup. However, as soon as he could get his plate changed, he helped himself to cauliflower, and looked out sharp for the meat, which came not, and was rapidly vanishing, my neighbor on the other side having just cleared one dish at his second helping. Unluckily, two waiters in succession, not noticing that he was already provided, handed him vegetables again, when he started up, and in a state of great excitement shouted, '*Fleish, fleish!*' continuing the sentence with what I should consider, from

the tone and manner, to be the heartiest curses I ever heard in my life. I have generally been unlucky in my neighbors. Hardly had I ceased to congratulate myself upon the departure of the gentleman opposite, noticed before for his habit of letting fall perpendicular fluid, when his place was occupied by a lady of rank, whose powers of mastication were but indifferent. She could get through no meat that was not very tender. But she was persevering: she gave it a fair trial on both sides of her mouth, and brought every grinder into play; then, if she found her efforts unavailing, she was wont to take the mouthful of half-masticated matter in her hand, and shy it with an impatient gesture under the table. As I have the weakness to pride myself upon the polish of my boots, I was at first greatly disconcerted at this under-hand attack, but discovering from experience the usual course of the invisible shells, I managed to slew myself round, and let them ricochet past to my neighbor. Without any affectation of gallantry, I mentally repeat the compliment that Frederick II. paid to one of his distinguished opponents:—*Placez vous ici, (Madame,) j'aime mieux vous avoir de mon côté que vis à vis.*

"A Dutchman, I observe, is disgusted with one who, rinsing his mouth after his coffee, spits the contents into the cup.

"They may call our countrymen rude and bearish—and there are some curious specimens go abroad—but I am satisfied no person from Wapping, or St. Benet Sherehog, would do these things. Nay, I am equally sure that, for genuine, real politeness, that does the civil thing without any flourishing, they are not to be matched abroad. It is much to be wished that they could get rid of their cold and apparently sulky manners: these I dislike, because we hate our own faults in others."

Our patient notices that the Germans never talk politics with each other, though they are pleased to do so with strangers. He has evidently a military taste, and everything in the shape of soldiery attracts his special observation. Of the Prussian troops he remarks that if he had not seen the Belgians, he should have pronounced them the most slovenly he ever encountered, that is, not so much in dress as in movements.

Perhaps the reader may be curious to learn something of the ordeal to which the frequenters of the spas are subjected. Behold then

#### THE DOUCHE BATHS.

"The douche baths are excellent and well arranged here, at the emperor's bath-house. The water is pumped up to a reservoir very much higher than the baths, and is guided down upon you with very considerable force, in a stream as large as your arm. Leaning down upon the steps upon your hands as low as possible, you receive the hot stream like a shower of lead upon your neck and shoulders, from whence it is slowly guided down each arm and leg, and even upon the soles of the feet, while the man vigorously rubs where the spout is playing. When one side is done, you are turned, and the same process gone through on the other. I cannot say that it is agreeable, but the sensation afterwards is highly so; and good spirits invariably follow. The douches in the other bath-houses are very feeble in comparison with this; but even this one sinks into insignificance when compared with the douches at some of the cold water establishments

in this country. There the cold mountain stream comes upon you from a height of thirty-five feet in a stream the size of a cable."

However uncomplimentary, there is strict truth in his description of

#### DRESS IN GERMANY.

"No people are so entirely unaristocratic in their appearance. The air *distingué* is not to be found here. The young are overdressed; the old, slovens. The reverse of Brummel's maxim is their aim, and the more people turn to look after them, the better dressed would they fancy themselves. Their dress is without 'keeping' or consistency—long hair, exaggerated whiskers, ferocious moustaches, heaps of bad trinkets, and a flaming stock with a dirty shirt; a bad hat with a new coat; ill-cleaned boots with well-made trousers, and either no gloves at all, or the brightest primrose. No people more servilely follow the fashion without regard to its suiting them. Because, just now, high-crowned, sugar-loaf hats with broad brims are the mode, everybody has them; and a more unbecoming head-dress, especially combined with a peaked beard and hair over the ears, it would be difficult to invent. I fear, too, that they sadly neglect Brummel's fundamental law—'Fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing.'"

From Aix he wanders to Wiesbaden, where the springs are still more various in taste and quality.

#### THE WATERS OF WIESBADEN.

"In front is the 'Wein Brunnen,' a circular basin, in which nature sends up a light white wine of a peculiar vintage, considerably charged with gas. It is cold and deliciously refreshing, better than selter water, and a little less 'fruity' than the weaker kinds of Rhenish. It is a spring to tempt a man into a vow of total abstinence from all liquors but those of nature's providing. I have tasted the wine spring of St. Galmier, in France, which I think inferior to this, though sweeter. After a couple of bumpers, I hastened to the bath-house, anxious for a plunge into the Mulligatawny soup we have heard so much of.

"Strange tricks we play with the stomach and person in this country. I began the day with four tumblers of natural chicken broth, and a bath of the same at Wiesbaden. This was followed by a couple of glasses of mineral wine, and a plunge into Mulligatawny soup at Schwalbach: more natural wine after dinner, for finding the 'ordinaire' very ordinary indeed at the hotel, I adjourned to the well to conclude my potations, and I proposed to finish the evening with a good wash in snake broth at Schlangenbad."

A shrewd observer of men, he notices this

#### TRAIT OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

"No guide is so easily understood as a Frenchman: the German, even if his language be intelligible, confines himself to a dry detail of your course, which is forgotten in the next street; but the Frenchman catches you by the elbow, and thrusting out an arm before you, indicates with his fingers bent to an angle, or his thumb thrown back, or by easy curves of the wrist, the way you have to go. If, after all, he detects a doubt upon your features, he is as likely as not to finish with 'Tenez, je vais vous montrer!'"

Like all his country folk, our tourist is disgusted at the treatment of

## GERMAN WOMEN.

"In my way from Spa, I saw a woman threshing in a barn with a man; she beat her time well, and laid it on as hard as her partner. This, I think, nearly makes up the list of female accomplishments. Brick-making, stone-breaking, wheat-sowing, reaping, mowing, threshing, and carrying heavy loads, are pretty little additions to the burdens that nature lays upon the sex. I have not yet seen any female postillions, or top-sawyers, but I live in hopes. In the evening band at the Brunnen at Aix, a woman plays the violoncello."

And however primitive they may be, he makes complaints, as being veritable nuisances to those who cannot sleep so profoundly as the dense natives, of

## GERMAN WATCHMEN.

"There is one great nuisance in these German towns—the watchmen. His habitat here is in the old tower of Granus, opposite my window, where it is his duty to look out for fires and ring the alarm bell; and to prove that he is awake, at least once an hour, he takes up the time of night from the clocks, and blows it upon his cowhorn; and again, a second time, to prevent mistakes, hooting out the notes like an old owl, as he is, longer and longer in the repetition, as if he took a wicked pleasure in having as many companions in his watchfulness as possible. The small hours are a bore to this fellow; but he dwells upon midnight with a depraved enjoyment. I observe that he does not wait for the old cathedral clock, which, indeed, is in a helpless state of dotage, and proclaims the time in a churchyard cough."

He takes farewell of the country with this pithy

## SUMMARY.

"The Germans are cried up as an honest people. I should be the more inclined to accord this character to them, if their shopkeepers had not two prices; one for their own countrymen, and another, from 25 to 50 per cent. higher, for their English visitors. It may be said that this is common in all countries; perhaps it may, but it is not honest. The highest and lowest classes are much the same everywhere; it is to the middle, the shopocracy, therefore, that we are to look for the national character, and I do not think that this class can take a higher ground than their neighbors. I have been robbed in London, more robbed in France, and most robbed in Germany. The English robbery is plausible, cringing, pliant; you are 'shaved,' and you suspect it. The French robbery is a pleasant process, and perpetrated, as it usually is, by a pretty woman, we are ready to undergo it again. The German is a hard, civil, unyielding 'do.' You are half imposed upon by their heavy frankness, and you yield the other half rather than try the same thing in another shop. They are a heavy people. Heavy in their manners and amusements—in their persons and their pipes—in their dinners and their jollifications. Drinking alone makes them gay, and then there is a coarseness in their cups. To see a German dancing is ridiculous; you are reminded of the old story, of one being discovered furiously jigging upon a table by himself, and being questioned answered, 'he was learning to be lively.' You are convinced that the lesson must have been thrown away. A German never talks politics with another German. They are absolutely with-

out political liberty, and this perhaps, makes them ashamed to broach the subject; but with foreigners they are not quite so reserved. I very much suspect that ten years will see a mighty change. I trust that the 'new generation,' amongst other changes, will change their shirts and wash their heads, curtail their pipes, and eschew public expectation. It is a delightful country; and I know not which most to praise, the wines or the water; gratitude whispers the latter; for I AM CURED; but I took both freely, and of all kinds that came in my way. Nature has been indeed bountiful to this favored people; she has given them the finest wines and the noblest rivers in Europe; and above all, provided them with baths, which are the attraction of the world, as if

'To show by one satiric touch,  
No nation wanted them so much.'"

And here we part company with our cheerful valetudinarian, whose recovered health will, we hope, be dedicated to more extensive travel, that he may bring back to us observations of men and things equally shrewd and amusing with those which he has here presented to his countrymen, and illustrated with very clever sketches by the pencil, which he wields with quite as much ability as the pen.

## MORNING THOUGHTS.

The summer sun is shining  
Upon a world so bright!  
The dew upon each grassy blade,  
The golden light, the depth of shade,  
All seem as they were only made  
To minister delight.

From giant trees, strong branched,  
And all their veined leaves;  
From little birds that madly sing;  
From insects fluttering on the wing;  
Ay, from the very meanest thing,  
My spirit joy receives.

I think of angel voices  
When the birds' songs I hear;  
Of that celestial city, bright  
With jacinth, gold and chrysolite,  
When, with its blazing pomp of light,  
The morning doth appear!

I think of that great River  
That from the throne flows free;  
Of weary pilgrims on its brink,  
Who, thirsting, have come down to drink;  
Of that unfailing Stream I think,  
When earthly streams I see!

I think of pain and dying,  
As that which is but nought,  
When glorious morning, warm and bright,  
With all its voices of delight,  
From the chill darkness of the night,  
Like a new life, is brought.

I think of human sorrow  
But as of clouds that brood  
Upon the bosom of the day,  
And the next moment pass away;  
And with a trusting heart I say  
Thank God, all things are good!

Mary Howitt.

From Chambers' Journal.

## A VISIT TO BIRKENHEAD.

A TIME of vast mechanical means like the present has its sublimities as well as the earlier ages of the world. A Liverpool millionaire said one day not long ago to a meeting of Perthshire proprietors, "Unless you do so and so, *I'll take my railway by the east of Fife.*" Consider what a railway is, and say if Wolsey's "*Ego et Rex*" was a grander thing for a subject to speak than this. About the same time, another great railway hero—a man who a few years since was a shopkeeper in York—was commissioned by a set of brother directors to accomplish a particular object for the general interest, and *two millions* were placed at his disposal for the purpose. "Take that sum," they told him, "and make the best of it." Alexander's passage of the Granicus with a handful of hardy Greeks was no doubt a fine thing; but there is as much of the grand, in its own way, in what many English merchants are doing every day. Talk of utility as having overpowered the poetical with us! On the contrary, the world has never seen or known a poetry like what a right spirit can trace in hundreds of the *facts* by which we are now surrounded.

One of the facts of this kind which have most deeply impressed us lately, is the sudden rise of a new city in England. A city we are accustomed to consider as the growth of centuries, for cities have heretofore always taken centuries to build. But now, such is the hugeness of the power created by the industry and wealth of this country, there is at least one city which will undoubtedly have risen within the brief space between the boyhood and manhood of its first inhabitants. We allude to Birkenhead on the Mersey, near Liverpool. By far the greater number of our readers will have never heard of this place even by name; yet it is one of the greatest wonders of the age, and indeed one of those by which the character of our age is most strongly expressed. We visited it lately, in order to ascertain how far the reports about it were true, and we now propose conveying to the public some idea of what we saw and learned on the spot.

The Mersey at Liverpool is a river or estuary, two thirds of a mile in breadth. The ground opposite to the great emporium of commerce was, till a recent period, either altogether waste, or occupied by farms and hamlets. One of the latter, named Birkenhead, had risen in connexion with a priory of the eleventh century. Steam navigation at length facilitating the intercourse between the two sides of the river, the sloping banks opposite Liverpool had become crested by a few ranges of neat mansions for the merchants of that town, and thus things went on till four or five years ago. A few enterprising persons then became aware of the suitableness of a creek in the river at Birkenhead for commercial purposes, and proposed converting it into a set of docks supplementary to the mighty range covering six square miles in connexion with their own town. The corporation of Liverpool had bought the land surrounding Wal-lasy Pool, as this creek was called, for £180,000, and now they were not unwilling to transfer their purchase. It was bought, and parliament applied to for permission to lay out £400,000 in the formation of the proposed docks. This requisite being obtained, the Birkenhead docks were commenced

last year, and are now in rapid progress. At the same time, a city capable of containing a hundred thousand inhabitants is rising close by, which our posterity will yet know as familiarly as we now do Liverpool itself, or any of the other large towns of Britain.

Our visit to Birkenhead took place on a sunny April morning of the present year. Landing from one of the steamers which cross the Mersey every half hour, we walked into this city of the future with expectations which the reality by no means disappointed. When we had passed a mere frontier of short streets overlooking the river, we were at once launched into a mile's breadth of street-building, where unfinished houses, unmade roadways, brickfields, scaffoldings, heaps of mortar, loaded wains, and troops of busy workmen met the eye in every direction. It was like the scene which Virgil describes when he introduces *Æneas* and his companion into Carthage, but like nothing which had ever met our eyes in real life. Where houses were occupied, or shops opened, they had all a peculiarly fresh sparkling look, like furniture in an upholsterer's ware-room as compared with that in private dwellings. The very children playing or walking in the streets looked old beside them. In some streets, traceable as such by buildings posted here and there along a line, the substratum of the roadway was only in the course of being formed; in others, the process had advanced as far as the superficies of macadamized trap; but hardly anywhere was a beaten and smoothed road to be seen. You entered a piece of street with a particular name, and half an hour after, walking in quite a different part of the country—for country it still is in some measure—you fall into another piece of street bearing the same name. You wonder at first; but presently it appears that they are various extremities of one street; only there is a wide wilderness of brick-fields between. You ask for the public buildings, and find they are all in the mason's hands, excepting a few churches. There is to be a capital town-hall—a capital market—a capital everything. We looked into the market, and found the walls and ceiling formed; a vast hall (430 by 131 feet,) supported by light iron pillars, and lighted from the roof. The business going on while we were there was the laying down of the gas-pipes. Near by is the grand square of Birkenhead—a subject of pride with the inhabitants, as it happens there is nothing approaching it in spaciousness or elegance in Liverpool. But, probably from being spoilt by the beauties of our own fair city, we thought Hamilton Square no more than passable; nor did the interior of the houses make up, in elegance or comfort, for a somewhat poor kind of architecture. It is in Edinburgh alone that the mass of the middle ranks live in palaces.

Making a detour towards the east, we found a beautiful slope rising above the nascent town, and occupied by a fine range of villas scattered throughout its space. This is Clifton Park, and it comprehends an arrangement which we have often thought might be followed with advantage in every large town in the empire. The principle is, that the place is an ornamented piece of ground, which both generally and in its parts has the usual recommendations of pleasure-ground, while houses are only scattered over it, each having the command of a certain space without interfering with general arrangements for walks, or with the general ef-

feet from a distance. Thus each family may be said to have the advantage of neighborhood combined with the *délices* of a fine rural situation.

After a considerable walk, we reached a part of the environs which is calculated to make a greater impression than perhaps any other thing connected with the town. The misfortune of all ordinary large towns is, that they have to struggle with the difficulties imposed by former centuries—narrow streets, the nuisance of cemeteries, the want of right sewerage and of places of recreation for the inhabitants. Here Birkenhead, being a town building from the foundation in an enlightened age, has a great advantage. Its sewerage may be perfect if the managers choose; and it will be their eternal disgrace if this essential point be overlooked or inadequately attended to. They need have no lanes, no cul-de-sacs, no courts, none of the architectural curses of Liverpool. Finally, they have it in their power to reserve part of the ground at their command for recreation.

We feel the greatest pleasure in stating that, following the improved sanitary views of the last few years, they have made it one of their first cares to establish a "park"—meaning thereby an open piece of ornamented ground—for the future inhabitants of their city. We found it in the course of being formed under the direction of the well-known Mr. Paxton of Chatsworth; and, to judge from what we saw of it in rather unfavorable circumstances, it promises to be a fine place. The space to be operated upon was a hundred and eighty acres. Sixty being set apart for building purposes, there remain a hundred and twenty to be laid out in shrubberies, walks, and drives, for the free enjoyment of the public forever. Remembering what has been made of the eleven acres given by Mr. Strutt to the people of Derby, we cannot doubt that a quantity eleven times greater will fulfil the objects of the managers most amply. Already the required undulations of the ground have been effected; vast quantities of trees and flowers have been planted; two sheets of water are formed; several lodges are built; and though the act for purchasing the ground dates only from September last, we may be said to have the first sketch of a park presented to our eyes. The whole is expected to be complete and at the service of the public next September. We were delighted with what we saw here; but the satisfaction of the eye is nothing in such a case; the point really to be rejoiced in is that the ideas of men are now so far advanced with respect to the essentials of public health and convenience, that, in preparing a new city, a park for the use of the inhabitants should have been among the first things legislated for. To the same advancement is it to be attributed that the ground set apart for burying the future inhabitants of Birkenhead is at a spot called Flaybrick Hill, which also will be out of town. Here excavations are in progress for the construction of sepulchral vaults and catacombs, the removed stone being used—for the managers, like Mrs. Gilpin, are of a frugal mind—in the formation of the docks. The slaughter-houses are also out of town—a suite of buildings properly enclosed, and supplied with every requisite for the preservation of cleanliness and order. Birkenhead will teach many useful lessons to older towns, and this is one of them.

We came at last to the docks, which are formed by the simple process of sluicing the water of the Wallasy Pool, and building quays along its banks.

The inner will be of 150 acres in extent, with 19 feet depth of water; and there will be an outer or low-water harbor of 37 acres, with quay space of 300 feet in breadth (reclaimed from the sea) on each side. A range of warehouses will front the wet dock on the side towards the town. Besides these accommodations for shipping, there will be a small dock of 3 acres, and a tidal basin of 16, with beaching ground for coasting vessels. There will thus be provided, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, a range of docks containing an area of 206 acres. Such a work, undertaken and produced at once, may safely be pronounced without parallel in this country. Around the site of the proposed docks are already various important works. There is a large establishment belonging to Mr. Laird for the construction of iron vessels, and at which many have been built. There are also copper mills, a varnish manufactory, an iron foundry, gun works, a patent slip for repairing vessels, and a boiler yard.

We found three ferries between various points of Liverpool and Birkenhead, the fare twopence. It is not unworthy of notice that the receipts are higher at that small rate than when they were double the sum. It is designed ere long to have steamers plying between the two shores every five minutes, which will certainly be making a near approach to the convenience of a bridge. From one landing-place on the Birkenhead side, a railway starts for Chester, where it is continued by another line to a point on the grand junction, and thus brought in union with the principal ways of this kind in the kingdom. The mails from London to Dublin are conveyed by this route, and it is commonly used by parties passing between the Irish and English capitals. The steamer passes from Kingston near Dublin to Birkenhead in about ten hours, and from thence a mail-train will convey passengers to London in about the same time. It is also contemplated to have a railway to Manchester, a ship canal to connect the Mersey and the Dee, and various other great works.

It may be inquired how far Birkenhead is a built and inhabited town; and the answer is, that the actual population a few months ago was found to be about fifteen thousand. In 1823, it was a few hundreds, and probably in ten years it will be approaching a hundred thousand. Land, which a few years ago hardly possessed a value, is now selling at £6 a square yard, and by good speculations in that line, large fortunes have been acquired. Amongst the last particulars we have heard of the place is, that houses for the working-classes are in preparation on such a scale, that the company will divide 8 per cent. on their outlay, although giving a dwelling of three apartments with gas and water at £5 of rent. We most earnestly trust they will see that these houses are arranged outwardly and inwardly in the manner most conducive to health. We now take leave of the subject, with best wishes for the success of Birkenhead. Of the probabilities of that success we say not a word; but we feel assured that, if the contemplated works shall be duly completed, the banks of the Mersey will present the grandest monument which the nineteenth century has erected to the genius of Commerce and Peace.

**AFFECTATION.**—Affectation in any part of our carriage, is lighting up a candle to our defect, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or as wanting sincerity.—*Locke.*

From the Edinburgh Tales.

## FRANKLAND THE BARRISTER.

With prospects bright upon the world he came,  
Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame;  
Men watched the way his lofty mind would take,  
And all foretold the progress he would make.

CRABBE.

Of the lost friends that have the most deeply interested my feelings in my solitary journey through life, I have a dim and melancholy pleasure in recalling my first impressions and earliest sentiment. I strive to revive the look, the attitude, the tone of voice, the individualized image, as it was seen in that peculiar aspect of the human physiognomy which can be beheld but twice—first when we see the living man, with awakened attention; and again, when we gaze upon the death-fixed, marble features of the recent corpse.

I have rarely met with any individual, even of the other sex, who, at first sight, made altogether a more favorable impression upon me, than Mr. James Charles Frankland; yet I rather pique myself on not being very impressible by outward shows and signs; nor easily captivated by either man or woman.

I can well remember that Frankland and myself first met in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, about the middle of a season rendered memorable by the management of Lord Byron. From the period when Johnson and Burke, Topham Beauclerc and Reynolds, went to "the first nights" of Goldsmith's comedies, the playhouse had not been so attractive to a certain order of literary loungers, as in this year, when the presence of Byron and his friends drew together, almost every night, crowds of hangers-on, young templars, coffee-house critics, and fledgling poets "about town." At the head of a rather numerous circle of this well-understood, but not very describable, fluctuating body, was Frankland; "among them, but not of them"—already a brilliant name in their order, and the main link which connected its youth of promise with the higher literary gradation of the Hunts, and Hazlits, and Lambs.

Frankland was, at the same time, honorably known to the stars of the Byron box, who shone a nightly constellation, and the sun of the lesser lights that now occupied the critical bench of the pit, upon the first and last representation of Jack Greene's Runemede, or Fair Rosamond, (I really forget which,) a tragedy. To the dramatist, who was fluttering, in a dreadful state of nervous excitement, from the pit and gallery, to the boxes, I owed the honor of my introduction to the distinguished young barrister, who remained surrounded during the whole evening by a crowd of juvenile idolaters, watching his every look and tone, and picking up the crumbs of wit and criticism that fell from his table, to be doled out to their different admiring circles. Without a particle of arrogance in his manner, which though highly polished, was manly and simple, I could perceive that Frankland was somewhat disdainful of the flock of worshippers, who, in the genius, eloquence, and acquirements of the man who illustrated their class, foresaw a future Burke, Erskine, or Brougham; and, beyond all doubt, if not an entire and perfect chancellor, yet a very eminent attorney-general—"unless his politics prove a bar to his advancement," whispered a fellowcraft, and one of his admirers. "Frankland is thoroughly liberative—a speculative Republican at the least."

"No insurmountable obstruction that, if one

may judge of his profession by past experience," I returned. I presume my remark was overheard; for my new acquaintance turned round and honored me with a scrutinizing and rather sharp glance.

"The only doubt at one time was, whether literature or politics were to engross all of the man that law will spare," continued my whispering informer; "but politics have fairly turned the scale:—you have read that famous series of papers in *The Chronicle*, under the signature Philo Junius! Well—but mum—an under secretary was employed by Castlereagh to fish out the writer."

Perhaps this was also overheard; and I had smiled in such a sort, as to irritate the sensitive pride of Frankland, who turned abruptly to us, saying, "Am I not a fortunate man, Mr. Taylor; surrounded as I am by a phalanx of young friends, who speak, write, flatter, nay, almost *lie* me into fame.—I must, however do the treasury the bare justice to say, that, if it has ever done me the honor to put a price upon my head, I am still ignorant of its benevolent intentions.—I am afraid his Majesty's government has become singularly indifferent to the effusions of Aristides, Publicola, Vetus, and all the rest of us. A single vexatious motion in the house by Joseph Hume—the mute eloquence of a table of figures—a slap at sinecures and pensions—affect them more at this time than would all the philippics of Demosthenes.

"But to your duty, gentlemen. I foresee Fair Rosamond's trial is to be short and sharp—the audience is about to play Queen Eleanor with her; how goes it in the rare old ballad—

'With that she dashed her on the lips,  
So dyed double red—  
*Hard* was the hand that dealt the blow,  
*Soft* were the lips that bled.'

Our prescribed duty was to applaud, right or wrong, and without rhyme or reason, the tragedy which Frankland had unhesitatingly and sternly condemned and endeavored to stifle in the birth; though kindness for its author had brought him from his chambers to sit out the unhappy play, and countenance the more unhappy writer.

It had been brought forward from reasons more creditable to the good nature, than to the judgment or critical taste of the noble manager; who, during the third act, seeing the "deep damnation" inevitable, was among the first of the audience visibly to give way to the overwhelming sense of the ludicrous. This was not Frankland's style of backing his friends. A sudden compression of the lips, and knitting of the brow, marked his quick feeling of indignation, as the curtain fell amidst the open laughter of the amateur managers and the critics, and the yet smaller creatures who fluttered around them, and those throughout the house, who caught their tone from that Pandora's box.

The unfortunate author, a young man of weak character and amiable feeling, was so overpowered by his disgrace, as actually to weep behind Frankland's shoulder, while he whispered regret at not following his counsels and suppressing the unlucky play.

A single trait revealed to me much of the inner character of my new acquaintance, as a single lightning-flash will momentarily disclose the depths of a ravine which the sun's rays can never penetrate. A message was brought by one of the volunteer gentlemen ever in waiting upon Byron, requesting Mr. Frankland to come round to the

Green Room, where "his lordship" was with Kean and the distinguished persons who had been induced to witness the play. There might be a touch of pride and caprice in the refusal; but, I believe, indignant generosity was the prevailing sentiment, when Mr. Frankland briefly stated in excuse an engagement with Mr. Greene. An amended summons came back—Lord Byron particularly requested to see Mr. Greene also; and the discomfited poet would have sneaked along, had not the other held him, crying, "No, by heavens! you sha'n't, Jack."—The woful dramatist, who, from their schoolboy days, had never dreamed of resisting the impetuous resolution of his friend Frankland, at once submitted.

The engagement with Greene proved a tavern supper, into which I allowed myself to be for once seduced; so much had I been captivated by what I had seen of the young lawyer, and amused by his satellites.

Cordial and confidential as Frankland and I finally became, our friendship was of slow growth. A full quarter century makes a difference between man and man; and, though Frankland was a ripe man of his twenty-seven years, he was not one of those that "wear the heart upon the sleeve for daws to peck at." It was not until a much later period of our acquaintance, that he was so far thrown off the guard constantly maintained by his sensitive pride, as once to tell me, in a tone of self-complacency which it was impossible to misunderstand, that Byron, piqued by the indifference shown to the flattering attentions of one so privileged and so *prerogated* as his capricious lordship, had complained to a common literary friend, that Frankland, whom he had known at Cambridge, was the only man, resting his claims in society upon genius and personal merit alone, who had ever repelled him.

I almost sympathized in the pride of my young friend; for it was now a time when talents and merit demanded indemnity from the frequent accessions of temper, caprice, and arrogance of the poet, who never forgot the peer; and who lived in continual apprehension, lest others should, in the man of splendid genius, forget the disquieting circumstance of his accidental rank. I less liked Byron's reported sneering addition—"The young liberal, no doubt, fancies himself vastly independent; Frankland thinks it quite heroic to despise a lord:—stop till he needs a silk gown, or becomes tory attorney-general—in expectancy." This was laughingly told me; but I liked it not. The future author of *Beppo* and *Don Juan*, read men's vanities, selfishnesses, and besetting weaknesses, but too fluently; and, even when I could have pledged my soul's peace upon the integrity of Frankland, I was haunted by the insidious prophecy.

There was this common resemblance between the struggling young lawyer and the idolized peer, that both had rashly appeared in nonage before the world as poets: but it went no farther; for Frankland had met with a reception that would infallibly have ruined any youth of feebleness of character or of moderate vanity. His rapidly-ripening judgment and fastidious taste soon perceived the worthlessness of his juvenile productions; and, at twenty-three, had it been possible to have swept into oblivion every poem printed for seven previous years, so as to have annihilated the remembrance of his early humiliation, which had now made a five years' "eternal blazon" in albums,

poets' corners, and *souvenirs*, his pride would gladly have received the sacrifice. Censure he could have endured. Laughed at, he could have laughed again, however scornfully; but the crude, inane criticism—the faint, and still more the fulsome praise—the vulgar indiscriminate compliments—the insufferable airs of the small dealers out of fame—the patronage of the drawing-rooms—disgusted and almost maddened him, in the reflection that the enthusiasm of the senseless boy had voluntarily subjected the man to such mortification.

Before we became acquainted, he had outlived this second burning stage, and could even bear to laugh at, and rally himself upon those collateral absurdities in so many men's lives, a first love and a first volume of verse. As he could not expel the poetical elements with which nature had so strongly imbued his mind, he had given them what he thought a nobler or a more manly direction; and I have sometimes wondered how a man so far above the ordinary social vanities, should have taken so much pleasure in the exercise of astonishing conversational powers, and what seemed premeditated displays of eloquence. Oratory is, in one sense, as much an original gift of nature as the talent of personation, or the endowment of a fine voice: I mean in that sense in which George Whitefield, or some nameless preacher among the Ranters, was a greater natural orator than Burke or Fox. To the intellect, and fine and ductile imagination of Frankland, nature had superadded this power, which art had highly cultivated and embellished, until his jealous sense of personal dignity, fastidious refinement, and disdainful temper, awakened the morbid apprehension of being mistaken for a spouter, a speechifier, a political charlatan; which came in place of his former impatient scorn of being known as the author of "those delightful morsels," *Weeds and Wild-flowers*, and of *Gems from the Antique*.

His horror at being celebrated as the author of that crack article in *Colburn* for May last, had given place to equal horror of being mistaken for a man seeking to obtrude himself on public notice, and to advance his fortunes by vulgar arts. Under this idea, he had withdrawn himself from the friendly clubs and debating or literary societies of his former associates; who now perceived that, out of the courts, Mr. Frankland would not henceforth seek to sway, by his persuasive eloquence, any assembly less distinguished than his Majesty's Faithful Commons. The opposition benches were imagined the immediate goal of his ambition. And what a figure Frankland would make in Parliament! was the current language of his admiring associates; and Frankland had some intimations of the same kind, that were even stronger than those which had made him a poet and a contributor of "crack articles" to the reviews and magazines;—not that he over-estimated his own powers: his error lay, not in an overweening opinion of himself, but in the morbidly acute perception and scornful temper which led him to strip away the false pretensions, unveil the mean motives, and rate, at their very lowest value, the men who might become his rivals—those more seeming-fortunate men with whom he disdained to measure himself in intellectual stature, and who won their way either by truckling subservience, or by the sacrifice of that lofty feeling of independence and self-sustaining pride of integrity, which he held the noblest personal attributes

of man. With what fiery indignation and withering scorn, have I heard him denounce the trucklers and trimmers of the time—the paltry deserters of their early opinions—the compound knaves and fools, whom a mean and narrow view of immediate interests drew into the betrayal of their true interests! Of such abject creatures, he said, his own profession, above all others, was ever fruitful: contemptible apostates, who bartered the bright jewel of fame, the proudest conquests of intellect, for, perhaps, some paltry place:—pitiful traitors to mankind and themselves, who blazoned their infamy on coronets!

A little more indulgence for others, and far more humility and self-distrust for himself, would have been wisdom in my young untempted friend.

I need not say, that Frankland, notwithstanding his great abilities and eloquence, and competent knowledge of his profession, was not the character to make rapid way among old, cautious, technical men of business and well-employed solicitors, who looked with wholesome distrust upon his supposed habits of literary composition, and accordingly gave him much less credit than he really deserved for indefatigable attention to whatever briefs he was so fortunate as to obtain. He was of too manly and honorable a character not to execute well whatever was intrusted to him, independently of other motives. But he was known to have been guilty of both poetry and fiction; to have scribbled in periodical works in his greener years, and, what was worse, with applause; and even when his sound professional knowledge was tardily forced upon their conviction, Frankland still wanted the kind of acceptance, or *status*, which, to a lawyer, comes as much by time and chance, and assiduous and patient cultivation, as from superior abilities.

As a means to an end, Frankland had now, for some years, spared no pains in qualifying himself for the exercise of his profession. In it his honor, his interest, his ambition, were concentrated: but still success came tardily. He saw duller, but more conciliatory and practical men, greater adepts in the homely arts of life, continually stepping before him; while he stood aside, haughty, and almost scowling—too proud to push and jostle in the race, or even to come into contact with the vulgar herd of inferior competitors. Yet he could not, in any instance, be accused of actual neglect or inattention: punctual in the courts—year after year faithful to that everlasting western circuit, in which he did not clear his travelling expenses—he could be blamed for nothing save the indomitable pride which helped to close against him many of the ordinary avenues to fortune.

In the progress of our intimacy, I came to learn that Frankland's originally narrow patrimony had been nearly expended upon his education; his guardians deeming the acquirement of a liberal profession, to a youth of such endowments, the best manner of laying out a small fortune. And, as I walked with my eyes open, I knew the world too well to require being told, in as many words, that a shower of briefs, however thin, would have been acceptable to my friend; especially about the season when London tradesmen humbly intimate to their customers, that something more substantial is looked for, once or twice a-year, than the mere pleasure of executing their commands. But I did not yet know all the reasons which made even a moderate rate of professional emolument desirable.

Often as I had called at his chambers "in soft twilight," I had never once found Frankland sighing over a miniature, or inditing poetry; but I too often found him among his law-books and papers, pale, and dispirited even to despondency, and I flattered myself that the consolations of my homely practical philosophy were strengthening to his mental health; and that the sincere flatteries of my partial friendship, which pointed to brighter days, soothed his irritable pride.

I have never known a man whom it required so much finesse and dexterity to flatter; and indeed finesse and dexterity could not have succeeded. The homage of his young admirers he received as a matter of course;—compliments in the ordinary strain, he despised too much to resent their impertinence; but he came to bear my admiration, and to feel it sit pleasantly upon him, as he perceived that I could appreciate his character, and at least understand, if I could not approve, those delicate abstractions and refinements which sometimes made him unreasonable and unhappy, and allow for that querulous pride with which I could not sympathize.

Even while execrating, for Frankland's sake, the jargon, the dry technicalities, and mazy intricacies, and the whole forms and practice which made law a ready way to fortune with inferior men, I never abated in my exhortations on the wisdom of taking the thing as it was found, and making the best of it; and of persevering till the tide turned. And still I hoped that some splendid occasion might arrive—some affair of national importance—some principle of right to be protected against power, by truth, and knowledge, and eloquence—which must fix the eyes of the world upon my friend, and at once stamp his title to the high place which nature had disqualified him for crawling to, by the slow, sure, slimy advances of some of his rivals.

The hour came—and the man was ready. It could, however, neither have been hope of gain nor yet of great professional distinction, that first induced Frankland to take up the singular case of his old school-fellow, Jack Greene, the author of the unlucky tragedy. It was, indeed, one too desperate for any well-employed counsel to engage in. The simple fellow, while he had lived on a small annuity left him by his father, was, though no conjuror, never once suspected of greater folly than a hundred other men who conduct their own affairs in a way with which no one assumes a right to intermeddle. But, unexpectedly, Jack fell heir to a considerable fortune. He might have been a little excited by the acquisition, but certainly not to the length which authorized, in "the next of kin," (two married sisters,) the discovery that he was insane, unfit to manage his own affairs, and fully qualified for the custody of a mad doctor.

I am not aware if the horrible law is yet mitigated, by which sordid relatives, after a very brief process, and upon obtaining—easy document—the certificate of two medical men, can consign an unfortunate individual to a common mad-house, and thus do much to render him the maniac which it may suit their cruel and selfish purposes to represent him. But this dangerous law existed a few years back in full force, and does, I believe, still exist, in a land where so much is every day heard about the sacredness of person and property. All at once Greene disappeared, and it was believed he had gone to the Continent, when a curious let-

ter, which he had prevailed with a discarded keeper to bring to London, informed Frankland of his condition. This singular epistle, which consisted of a very few words of Latin, pricked with a pin on a piece of strongly-glazed linen—the lining of his hat, as I remember—bore no token of insanity; but very different, I confess, was the impression made on me by the raving communication received, when Frankland, by the same messenger, contrived to write him, and supply him with a pencil and paper.

This second was too surely, I thought, a madman's letter. Frankland would not believe so. At all events, it was not less certain that the poor fellow was, at worst, a perfectly harmless, crazy poet; who had, for the first twenty-eight years of his life, never walked into a draw-well; and that he might to its close have been allowed wits sufficient to manage his small income at his own discretion. This he, indeed, had done with remarkable integrity and economy, driving hard bargains with his printers; though the grave charge remained of employing their services at all, instead of falling into the more usual modes of a young man's expenditure. Had he raced, or gamed, or kept mistresses, no charge could have been brought against Greene's wits; but barely keeping a decent coat on his back, he had preferred printing very bad poetry of his own composition, and paying the cost; and no English jury could sanction such conduct in a man pretending to be sane. I confess, as I have said, that I gave him up myself, when I read his second letter, which out-Leared Lear in raving quotation, and original bursts of poetic imprecation upon his two unnatural sisters—Betsey in particular, the younger, to whom he had affectionately dedicated his first volume, in four stanzas in the Spenserian measure, and who to that volume had contributed those touching lines—“*To my Brother's Fishing-Rod.*”—Betsey, now, indeed, a wife and mother, yet surely not for these extended charities the less susceptible of sisterly tenderness, to join with the rest in consigning him to a mad-house—“for life! for life!—to stripes, a strait waistcoat, and the denial of pen and ink!”

There was so strange a jumble of the ludicrous and the pathetic in poor Jack's rhapsody, that Frankland himself acknowledged, that, if he had not known Greene from boyhood, he might, like me, have set down this raving for the effusion of a lunatic; but after declaiming against the enormous injustice, the dreadful oppression to which the law regarding lunacy gives facility, he pictured so many whimsical imaginary cases of madness which might be made out against many of our mutual acquaintances, had it been any object to make them victims; and instanced so many glaring and laughable proofs of my own lunacy, that I was compelled to admit that Greene might be no more insane than he had ever been, unless torture and terror, acting upon a feeble mind and weak nerves, had goaded him to madness.

Next to some great political question involving the permanent interests of society, this was a case, independently of private feelings, to absorb the whole mind of a man like Frankland. In it were involved the most subtle metaphysical and scientific discussion, and also the fundamental principles of justice and of jurisprudence. While his faculties and knowledge were tasked to the utmost by the complicated questions to which this case gave rise, his sympathies were pledged to the protec-

tion of humanity in its dearest and most delicate relations—and his spirit was roused to guard society against an evil which threatened to subvert the very foundation of social life; which undermined the household hearth, broke up the family compact, and converted the charities of kindred into deadly hate, and the blessings of domestic life into its bane. There was a power permitted by this law, which, under the impulse of sordid or interested feeling, became perilous and ruinous alike to the innocent victim and the guilty betrayer; a power most dangerous to frail human nature. Poor Greene's favorite sister had withheld her consent to the measures taken against him, until she became apprehensive that he would marry, and thus might deprive her children of their share of the unexpected fortune.

“Her virtue or her affection could not resist the contingency of Green marrying the Laura of his juvenile sonnets,” said Frankland to me, “and appropriating his wealth to his own purposes: everything might have been forgiven him but that. I should not be surprised if his design of marrying the girl who made gowns for his sisters, is not brought forward on the trial as a proof of insanity, and a reason for his fortune and person being sequestered.”

“Can these harpies be so unnatural, so unutterably base, knowing all the while their brother to be sane?” was my indignant exclamation.

“O, no!—not quite so bad—they are sisters and Christian gentlewomen,” was Frankland's reply, made in that subdued voice which gave such thrilling effect to his simplest words. “They do believe him mad, doubtless;—the alchemy of gold can work stranger conversions than this. Look around you,” we were walking in the Park, then filled with gay company,—“have we not seen it harden the heart of the child against the mother, and turn the mother's milk to gall—convert doubt into faith, and faith into denial—make an unprincipled pensioner of — and a titled prostitute of —?” He pointed to two of the “distinguished persons” glittering before us.—“Horrible passion! which, beyond all others, shows the human heart—ay, even woman's, the pure, the kind, the household heart!—to be, indeed, ‘deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.’”

“Horrible indeed! but are you not now confounding the sordid craving, to which these wretched sisters have yielded, with the equally fatal temptations to which the most generous natures are exposed, especially among the refined classes of an improvident and spendthrift society. That illustrious pensioner, that admired and beautiful woman, now glittering before us, yielded, as I apprehend, rather to the overpowering necessity of obtaining money, than to the mere love of gold for its own sake. Even with occasional cases like this of Greene's, the law protects our fortunes tolerably well, against the cupidity and fraud of those about us; but, Frankland, what power less than our own strong will, our own established virtue, founded upon the sure, if homely foundation of good habits, industry, and economy—shall guard us against ourselves? Where one man, in our times, makes shipwreck of honor and peace, from the sordid desire of accumulation, ten thousand sink into deeper disgrace from what are termed *Pecuniary Involvements*; though the true name is heart-breaking, soul-ensnaring, mean, yet corroding misery; the defence against which every man of sense and spirit holds in his own hand, if he had sufficient

moral energy to use it. Extravagance is the prominent vice of our age; yet our prodigal system, instead of elevating and liberalizing, actually narrows the spirit; the broad scheme of modern expensiveness rendering all manner of pitiful pinching and screwing necessary in conducting the details. No man is at ease. We cannot afford to be social, because it costs so much to be fine; and how can they be either generous or charitable, who require much more than they possess to pay for their necessary superfluities? Without timely resistance of the insidious temptations which at present waylay every man of liberal feelings without fortune, what are patriotism, independence, and public virtue, but empty names—if not showy labels, telling the minister, or those who cater for him, that man's market price!—But we are wandering far from the treacherous designs of Greene's relatives."

"In which they shall not prosper, by God!" exclaimed Frankland, with even more than his wonted energy; and I have never seen a handsome and manly countenance more dignified by a generous and enthusiastic sentiment, than that which beamed upon me, as pausing in the path, he uttered this solemn adjuration. "Every man must love something; and I like poor Jack, with the love of remembered boyhood, and of habit, if nothing better. But were it not so, it is a man's achievement to attempt to throw open the doors of those solitary English Bedlams; and destroy the law which, in this country, lodges the most monstrous power of despotic states in the hands of avaricious relatives.—No Bastilles in England!—there are half a score, at this moment, and of the worst description, in the county of Surrey alone. What matters it, whether the power of issuing the *lettre de cachet* is lodged with a minister or a physician?"

Frankland threw himself into this case with his whole soul, perilling upon it all that more prudent or more selfish men esteem—the slender remains of his fortune, and his gathering professional reputation. This farther hardship attended the case—that Greene's funds were either tied up, or turned by his friends into engines against him. Who would undertake the cause of a virtually pauper lunatic, already in confinement, under regular process of law, conducted by the ablest counsel and most respectable solicitors in London; and to which such a body of evidence, medical and common, gave credit and stability?

For months, it remained doubtful whether all the courage, energy, and ability of Frankland, might not be eventually baffled by the power of purse possessed by the opposite party, and his client be really driven mad, long before opportunity was obtained to prove his sanity. In these desperate circumstances, Frankland adopted bold measures. Throwing the conventionalities of his profession overboard, he brought that potent auxiliary, of which all the learned faculties are so peculiarly jealous—the press—to bear upon the case.

Doctors were at last despatched, by order of the court, to examine the state of the patient; and it is fortunate for mankind that doctors will sometimes differ.

The kind and degree of Greene's insanity afforded an excellent theme for learned talk and lengthened debate, which occupied many pages of the medical journals, until, by and by, it came to be questioned if his madness was really of the sort that disqualified a man for the management

of his own affairs, or which made perpetual restraint necessary.

The opposite party, upon this, became alarmed, pleaded, warned and tried to upset the whole proceedings, by trying to set the weak-minded client against his generous advocate. Greene was not quite so insane as to fall into the snare, though laid by her who had been his favorite sister; and this abortive attempt was construed into a fresh proof of his alienation of mind—the horror and aversion he now showed to this lady being held as evidence against him; as if there had not been reason enough for this feeling, in her unsisterly and atrocious conduct.

There was a prospect, at last, that a question which the most celebrated physicians in London could not solve, would be decided by a common jury; and that tradesmen and shopkeepers might determine more righteously than the wise and the learned, what degree of mental aberration was to subject a fellow-citizen to a civil death, and to the lingering and horrible punishment of perpetual confinement.

I had assisted Frankland's, or rather Greene's solicitors, in finding evidence to rebut the volumes of ludicrous, distorted, and vamped-up testimony that was arrayed against him; and I had often visited him with the physicians sent down to examine and report upon his case, in which, had it only been from sympathy with Frankland's anxiety, I would have felt deep concern. But my intercourse with the poor defendant—who, to convince the doctors of his profound wisdom, at one time assumed so cunning a look, and such airs of solemnity, and, at another, gave way to his overwrought feelings, in bursts of rage at his relatives, and despair for himself—redoubled my interest in the case. My amazement, at last, was, that his feeble and shaken mind resisted the tortures of suspense and apprehension, which dictated the perpetually recurring question—"Do you think it possible a jury will find me mad?—How shall I stand that dreadful trial?—May I, perhaps, be kept in this horrible place to the end of life?—and I shall not be twenty-eight till Ladyday!—Good God!—I shall go distracted!"

These apprehensions, to which was added his uncertainty about the fate of the Laura of his muse, whom he now, however, soberly named to me Patty or Peggy—were but sorry preparatives for that fiery ordeal through which the most sane man could not easily pass.

The preliminary conflict, and the remarkable nature of the case, had attracted a large share of the public attention before the trial came on. In its conduct, whatever is wholesome and generous in the profession of the hired advocate, and all that is sinister, equivocal, or directly evil, were strikingly conspicuous. Their fame, their fees, the professional spirit, and the consciousness of public attention, stimulated both the medical men and the lawyers to extraordinary exertion. But I rejoice to say the opponents sharpened their weapons and mustered their forces, only to swell the triumph of Frankland. A trial of four days, during which the faculties of all engaged were strained to the utmost, terminated in the establishment of Mr. Greene in the possession of his senses and the uncontrolled management of his fortune.

In how exalted a light did Frankland appear to me at the close of that memorable fourth, and most anxious day! I knew and had participated in all his fears and feelings; I had been the wit-

ness, and, in some respects, the sharer of his previous efforts under the awful responsibility he had assumed for his unhappy friend. Had the case terminated ill, I knew that to himself the consequences must have been overwhelming; and when—with the most consummate skill of the advocate, and the most persuasive powers of the accomplished orator, who yet finds his true inspiration in his own heart—he closed his address, by imploring the jury, in finding for his unfortunate client, to defend Englishmen, in all future time, from the power of a law more hostile to personal liberty, more fatally subversive of the natural affections, and of those tender domestic charities which alone make life desirable, than any ever before held over civilized man—how was I thrilled by the sense of the glorious gifts with which it had pleased God to endow this man, for the blessing and grace of his fellow-creatures! And was I to live to witness those noble energies worse than thrown away—to see those talents perverted, prostrated, and finally converted into the instrument of torture and shame to the man they had so glorified!

Exhausted by his gigantic effort, and still more by mental anxiety—for Frankland was, at no time, of those cool counsel, who, having done all they can, lie down content, and take the event lightly—he retired early from the congratulations of the bar, and of the members of the medical faculty, the philosophers, and moralists, and mere lawyers, who filled the court; leaving each with the impression that it was in his own science, his own particular pursuit, that the accomplished barrister had displayed the greatest knowledge, and excelled the most. He had previously recommended Greene to my especial care for the day; and had not one or two sympathizing jurymen, melted by the eloquence of Frankland, wept with the poor fellow, for company, I am afraid we might have had a motion for a new trial, founded on such evidences of sensibility, in a man who had just escaped destruction worse than death. I prevailed with him to take at least one night's repose before he set off for Dorsetshire, in pursuit of Laura—a chase which did not, in the least, lead me to doubt his soundness of mind, and which furnished me with another agreeable proof of his soundness of heart; as he informed me, the attachment arose long before he was a man of fortune.

Next morning, Frankland's servant—a negro lad, of most spaniel-like affection, submission, and fidelity to his master, but whom I disliked, nevertheless, as an expensive, and not absolutely necessary appendage—brought me intelligence that his master had been very ill all night, and that in a joint consultation held between himself, Timothy, and Sal the laundress, it was agreed that the apothecary should be called in, as the malady had resisted Tim's applications of linen cloths dipped in ether and applied to the temples, which he had sometimes seen his master employ, and the woman's sole internal specific of burnt brandy. It was an equal chance that they had not killed him between them, which they assuredly would have done had they not fortunately differed about the mode of treatment. Sal being for a phlogistic, and Tim for an anti-phlogistic regimen. I found their patient under a violent fever, and already partially delirious, quite prostrate and unable to speak to me, although he still recognized me, and pressed my hand. On his table by the bedside, where Sal had mustered the various insignia of

her assumed office of sick nurse, lay an unclosed penciled note, addressed to myself, in a hand-writing which showed how shattered the nerves of the writer were. It was in these words:—

"My dear Sir—I scrawl these lines before being put, in spite of myself, to bed. I fear I am about to be seriously indisposed; I have felt this for the last few days. Liability to violent fever, I have received from my mother, along with much of good and something of evil—the inheritance of a susceptible organization and a hot Carolinian blood.—Is the jargon of physiology and the 'philosophy of the mind,' of which we have been hearing so much in these last days, upsetting my brain already? I have not a moment to lose. In a few hours I shall probably be delirious—in a few days I may die. Will you be my executor? I am sure that I know you; and I think you understand one who, with all his faults, fully appreciates your manly and sincere character, though he may never have told you so. Will you, then, come to me, direct my doctor, and, if need be, see me buried? I know you will. But a more trying office remains. Will you open whatever letters may come addressed to me during my illness, whether from *man* or *woman*, and act for me as my knowledge of your honor and sensibility assures me you will act, if you consent at all? Do not refuse me. You perceive how helplessly and entirely I throw myself upon you.

"From boyhood, my pride—or call it by what hard name you will—has preserved me from even the shadow of a weak, or a misplaced confidence, or an unworthy love—yet, in my ravings, names may escape me, and old scenes be alluded to, which, I may frankly say, I would not voluntarily pour even into your friendly ear, were I master of my faculties. Let no one near me.

"If I die, I hope the sale of my books will bury me, and pay my debts—they are too numerous; but if I live, that fault shall be amended. Greene will make up any deficiency. Transmit the sealed packet you will find in my desk, when I am buried—not sooner. God bless you—and farewell!"

I did not require this letter to animate the zeal of friendship; yet I could not read it without being strongly affected. I called in immediate advice and watched by my friend throughout the day. Two gentlemen, both eminent in their profession, and in great practice, who had come in contact with Frankland on the late trial, called in the course of the second day, on accidentally hearing of his illness, and that he was alone in chambers, and distant from any relative. Their offers of professional service were so frankly and affectionately made; and fees, on the part of an unconscious and not a rich man, were so sincerely disclaimed, that, as Frankland's friend, I did both gentlemen the kindness—and it was kindness—to accept of their offers of attendance. Had their patient been a prince of the blood, this I will say for them, more attention could not have been paid to him; nor would half the real anxiety have been felt, which these gentlemen showed to save the valuable life of a man whose only claim was the promise of a noble career, and the possession of transcendent talents. It would have been a proud trophy of their science to restore to society such a character as Frankland must become.

Events fell out nearly as Frankland had foreseen. He was fearfully ill; and I did not choose to leave him in those critical days, when life hovered on the east of every hour, to the sole care of either

the nurse or the apothecary. I accordingly regularly changed guard with Black Timothy, in whose affection and care I could fully confide.

On the third night the fever rose very high, and I had difficulty to keep the patient in bed. "Mother!" was the frequent exclamation of his delirium; and he would touchingly address his mother—who, I was aware, had been for several years, dead—as if she were present with him. Another image haunted his excited brain, which revealed to me the nature of the obscure allusions of his note.

The midnight solitary watch kept over the dead body of one we have loved in life, has often been pathetically described. To my feelings such solemn vigil is less affecting than that held by anxious affection over the sick couch of one tossing in the violence of delirious fever—marking the wanderings of wild eyes, and listening to those incoherent ravings which indicate the strife and agony of passion, and the fierce travail of the mind, over which reason holds no control; watching, as it were, the visible conflict of blood and judgment, of the immaterial with the earthy; and, more than all, beholding the strength and integrity of the sentiments and affections triumphing amidst the wandering and obscuration of the senses. At another time I might have smiled—now I was more inclined to weep—at the bursts of laughter which the negro, in the midst of his dolor, when moved by the frantic illusions under which his master labored, sent through that lonely chamber. Although Timothy appeared perfectly sensible in this failure in respect, and outrage of common humanity, the black dog could not control his irresistible feeling of the ludicrous, when Frankland, springing from the bed, his eyes flashing over me with the unnatural brightness of delirium, caught and strained me to his bosom—"Hugging old Massa Richar," the sable villain said, shaking in convulsions of laughter, "for Missey Eleeny; though him hab such black brush beard."

"Helena! dearest Helena!" was the frantic and pathetic cry, which left me no inclination for mirth: "Will the wretches so dishonor you? Will they force you upon the public gaze!—violate all the virgin sanctities of your nature!—Do they persist in their damned, damned scheme!—No, no, no—I will perish sooner: no more prudence—no more waiting—I am sick of it—sick, sick, Helena! Lay your cool fingers on my temples, love—how they throb—there, there!"—His head faintly sunk on my arm; and, in a little while, we were able to replace him in bed. Through the rest of the night, among his other delirious wanderings, he frequently burst into eloquent addresses to juries, alternating with impassioned ravings about the fate from which he was to rescue this beloved Helena; and imprecations against some ruthless one, who assumed power over her destinies.

The mental health of Frankland was beyond my medicaments; but I flattered myself that my care and vigilance were helpful in his bodily restoration, after nature, seconded by the eminent skill of his zealous physicians, had subdued the disease. The delicate offers of service from many unexpected quarters, which were pressed upon me in his behalf made me proud of my friend, and pleased with my species.

As the violence of his disorder abated, my duties became daily much lighter, though they promised to be tedious. Some of my functions were

easy indeed. The men of business appeared to know, by instinct, that Frankland was incapable of professional exertion; for no briefs were even offered at this time, and very few letters came, and those not of the delicate kind to which my mission specially referred. I made it my daily business to be in the way at the delivery of the post from the West; for it was in that direction I knew that Frankland's early connexions lay, though he had, I understood, no near surviving relatives.

He had been confined for three weeks before the expected despatches, so mysteriously announced in his note, arrived. The correspondence could not then have been either a very close or vehement one. I had no doubt about the sex of the writer of the missive I touched so gingerly, cautiously reconnoitring the outside. But had my instincts, informed by the negro's grin, been at fault, the tiny German characters of the name so often repeated by the unconscious Frankland, and impressed on the seal, was sure confirmation. Was my curiosity excited!—Yes, a little; but I had honorably resisted its cravings, as often as Timothy, in the simplicity of his heart, wept over "Massa dying," and pitied "poor leetel Missey Heleny," as if tempting me to question him. Even now, though I well remembered the injunctions of my friend, and, indeed, reperused his directions, I could not all at once violate that tiny seal, and possess myself of the confidence which I felt was never meant for me. In obedience to these delicate scruples, I carried the epistle in my waistcoat pocket for some hours; not looking, first at it, and then at poor Frankland, above once in the ten minutes. Days and weeks, I foresaw, might elapse before he was able to relieve me from these embarrassments, or with safety bear the agitation which might attend the opening of this little letter; and, as the hour of post drew near, my refinements and ruminations gave way to my prescribed duty and the dictates of common sense—I broke the seal.

The pathetic exclamations of Frankland had not prepared me for what, at first sight, seemed an exceedingly tame epistle; so dry and flat, that it might have been written by a man of business, doing the *needful*, and no more; and unable, in conscience, to spin out what would turn the leaf and so double the charge. The leaf, in fact, was merely turned; and there was no pithy postscript, no emphatic Italics, no exclamatory sentences—nothing, in short, to have offended *The young Lady's Monitress* for 1735, or the starched genius of Miss Harriet Byron; yet the name Helena Vane appeared at full length, and in very fair characters, after a plain *yours sincerely*. I perfectly remember the tenor of this seeming-calm epistle, in which there was not a single interpolation or erasure, save in the address, which originally appeared to have been, Dear James Charles—and now hovered between Dear Sir and Dear Mr. Frankland, to which was appended:—

"When I last saw you, which, I remember, was on the morning after the autumn assize ball, for a few minutes, in going to Harris' Library, you requested me to renew the promise you had exacted in the former year, that I should not enter upon the profession my noble patrons here believe would be so advantageous to my sisters and myself, or, at least, not consent to appear in public, until I had acquainted you. I consider it my duty to fulfil this promise, with which I could not comply in words at the time, as you may remember the

party that came up to us. There are so many Vanes, and old friends and connexions of our family in Bath this season, who kindly interest themselves for my advantage, that Lady — says she can no longer suffer childish scruples to stand in the way of my true interests and the prospects of my sisters. They also are impatient for my decision.—My decision!—Does the point then rest with me? This is, without doubt, a very awful affair to me, and one which I know must color my whole future life. But, while so many better-informed and friendly persons urge the adoption of a profession, which, but for the one fatal and insurmountable objection of publicity, I should dearly love, I must endeavor to conquer personal repugnance; and, indeed, I see no course left but immediate and grateful acquiescence with the wishes of those who have already done so much for us all, and with whom I have dallied too long.

"Mamma and my sisters beg to congratulate you upon the triumph of our old playmate, poor Jack Greene—of which we read with great interest in the newspapers. Your admirers, who are numerous in this quarter, say that this must have a happy influence upon your professional prospects.

"If I come out, and if I am successful here—that first tremendous *if*!—my friends imagine that they may procure me an advantageous engagement in London next season. Perhaps we may then sometimes meet, and renew the memory of happy old times; if—again—if grave and learned lawyers may tolerate frivolous stage heroines. I have now tried to redeem my implied promise; and, if I do not hear from you before the 10th of next month, then, on that night, pray for the poor, lost Ophelia! Yours sincerely, HELENA VANE."

This, then, was the clue to Frankland's broken exclamations in his delirium. He could not, in ordinary prudence, afford to marry; he would not endure that the woman to whom he had in earlier years been passionately, as he was still deeply, attached, and who, he hoped, returned his affection, should go upon the stage, in opposition, as he believed, to her own inclination, but overpowered by the necessities of her family, and the solicitations and flatteries of those around her.

Helena Vane was the youngest of three sisters; the flower of one of those families of lovely, elegant, and well-born paupers, who cannot dig, and who to beg become, in time, *not ashamed*. Her father had been in the navy; and the widow, with her daughters, after romancing about in Scottish, Welsh, and Swiss Cottages, and graduating into toad-eaters, now lived in a small house in the neighborhood of Gosport. The elder girls, by dint of personal accomplishments, a little dexterous flattery, and a wide, genteel, and well-cultivated acquaintance, visited a great deal about; and were even received in one or two noble families—partly from whim, partly from mistaken benevolence, and, in one instance, from the patrician patrons desiring to mortify other noble persons, who were the relatives, and who thus ought to have been the friends of the unprotected girls.

I can scarcely conceive any course of life less favorable to the formation of firm and virtuous character, and happy feminine dispositions, than that led by the elder Miss Vanes after leaving school. It alternated between the luxurious man-

sions of the great and their mother's poor home; between repining and luxury—ambitious projects and disappointed hopes. They were courtiers upon a small scale, but *unpensioned*. They were seldom together, as one was considered enough at a time in any family; and, in spite of the seeming graciousness and real bounty of patrons, they found themselves neither treated with the kindness of relationship, nor the frank equality of independent friendship:—not considered quite as menials—but never as equals. In their own minds were combined the pride of birth with the meanness of dependence.

Marriage—upon which all women, unhappily for themselves, place but too much reliance, merely as a means of life—was next to impossible in their condition. Such girls are of the flying-fish class of society. If they aspire, the watchful inhabitants of the upper air pounce upon and drive them back to the inferior element; while they are disclaimed and chased away by those below, as dangerous and rapacious encroachers, who only seek the deep to snatch a prey. The dowagers, accordingly, were on the alert, to preserve minor sons, and nephews at school, from the *arts* and fascinations of the Miss Vanes; while the substantial yeoman, the small squire, the curate, the rural surgeon, the surveyor of the estate, the engineer constructing the new bridge, nay, the very exciseman himself—though all and each might occasionally find themselves in company with the beautiful Miss Vanes at election balls, and also at good men's feasts, and might wonder and admire, and fancy Caroline a more distinguished-looking woman than my Lady, and Harriet a lovelier creature than the young countess herself—yet curate, and squire, and yeoman, never went farther than wonder and admiration; too humble or too prudent to aspire to the high-bred, penniless, hanger-on-beauties.

The younger sister, the beloved of my friend, had lived much more at home. She was not yet depreciated by notoriety, and her great musical talents, which were now to make the fortune of the family, already made her of more momentary consequence in high society than her sisters. Happier influences had been around her youth. She was the darling of a mother, affectionate, though frivolous; and her incipient attachment to a man of the character of Frankland, was a talisman to protect the young girl against the blandishments of unequal society, and the seductions of her own vanity. I do not mean to say that she had passed through the dangerous ordeal wholly unscathed. Gentle and yielding, beautiful in person, and ingratiating in manners—I would fain believe that, in her instance, a woman's stars may sometimes be more in fault than herself.—But I have wandered from her epistle, which I studied until I fancied I comprehended the whole case. My friend was not in circumstances to warrant their immediate union; and his pride, or his propriety—or call it an overstrained sense of delicacy—could not submit to his future wife appearing on the public stage, even under the most flattering auspices, and with the probability of rapidly making a fortune. How was he, who could not bear, with ordinary patience, even clumsy flattery, and vulgar, mal-adroit praise of himself, to endure criticism upon the beauty, the accomplishments, the dress, and the character of Helena?—to see her become the hackneyed theme of a nine days' wonder—dragged through all the Sunday journals

—the *Scourge* pronouncing her of gawky height, and the *Snake* of dumpy stature; one saying her eyes were black, and the other blue, while a third made them out of a greenish-gray tint; one declaring her petticoats, or her tucker, a straw's breadth too scanty, and the other setting her down as a muffled prude, because these errors were amended.

I understood the character of Frankland too well to doubt for a moment the part which he would have taken if capable of acting for himself. He would, I knew, either at once have married, or forever have resigned her to her profession and to the service of the family, whose chief dependence was now on her talents. In these circumstances, I trimmed as dexterously as I could; and, with as much delicacy as possible, acquainted the young lady with the nature of my trust, and with the serious illness of my friend; and earnestly suggested, that whatever affair of moment was at his decision, or depending on his advice, should be delayed for, at least, one month.

This delay was, I presume, conceded; but I cannot tell the interior workings of the family policy of the Vanes and their patronesses. There was, I fear, no solid basis of principle in any of the women, upon which to found any consistent scheme. It would, I afterwards understood, have been gratifying to the family to see Helena married to a man like Frankland, had he already been in tolerable practice; and the humiliation of her intended sacrifice was, at times, severely felt by them all, especially as it might afterwards affect the unmarried sisters. The most brilliant success, and fortune itself, could never obliterate the recollection that a sister of the daughters of Captain Vane, was, or had been, upon the stage; while, upon the other side, immediate exigency, the importunity of patrons and amateurs, and the bitterness of dependence, which they had drunk to the very dregs, urged Helena on to her fate. That propitious opening in Frankland's affairs, which the family council hoped from the fortunate issue of the case of Greene, was suddenly shut by his unfortunate and tedious illness; and, if Helena was ever to appear, there could be no season so auspicious as the present.

Frankland was, meanwhile, slowly recovering, and already took cognizance, though apparently little interest, in anything passing around him, save the delivery of the West post. When that hour passed, and day after day produced only old newspapers, or indifferent letters, he generally sunk into apathetic silence for some hours, apparently at once relieved and disappointed.

I had not yet given him an account of my stewardship, reserving the disclosure until his health was more confirmed, and until he could safely hold a pen. But long before that period arrived, he had contrived, by the aid of Timothy, at many different sittings up in bed, to scrawl out—in those feeble characters which proved how much he had suffered, and how deeply he felt—a letter, intended to meet no eyes save those of the lady to whom I was requested to address it.

I was surprised, nay offended, that no reply came to so affecting a proof of undecaying tenderness; of an affection which had held power over his mind in its most alienated state, and which was the first to awaken in his bosom, as thought, and feeling, and hope of life returned. Let me not blame Helena. Her sisters, divided in opinion between an immediate interest and an enduring family pride, were, at all events, agreed in the

necessity of suppressing her letters, and of not distracting her attention, and withdrawing her mind from what they called her studies, at so critical a period:—for Frankland spoke only of distant hopes of professional success, and, in the mean while, of privation and struggle; and noble patrons were urgent, and excited amateurs impatient for a consummation, which, whether it might be life or death to the young *debutante*, according as she sustained or fell short of highly-raised public expectation, was, to them, but the trifling difference between flattering and caressing, or despising and neglecting her; and excellent amusement either way.

Continued debility and relaxed nerves made my friend probably more quiescent under the continued silence of Helena than he might have been at another season. They, besides, had rarely corresponded; and he rested, with tolerable security, upon her having adopted my suggestion of delay. In the progress of his slow recovery, conversation frequently turned upon the Vane family. I could learn, that he admired without liking the sisters—almost despised the fond mother—and felt warm affection for Helena—which yet admitted of some doubts and drawbacks. "She had been, in some points, spoiled by her family," he said. "This was a great length for a lover to go; but neither strong attachment, nor a high sense of honor, which held him to engagements, which, if not expressed, had been well understood, permitted him to recede. She had given the concerted signal, which he had entreated, and it remained for him immediately to reply to it."

My secret prepossession was for a compromise, a *juste-milieu* measure. "Could not this angelic songstress remain for a year or two longer in single blessedness and safe retirement, awaiting the issue of those brilliant professional prospects which, in the case of her lover, are almost certain to be realized—unless, indeed,"—I added hesitatingly.

"Unless what, my friend," was the animated rejoinder of Frankland, catching eagerly at whatever favored the scheme which his judgment refused to sanction.

"Unless this beautiful Helena, superadded to all her virtues and charms, possess a force of character, and habits of activity and self-dependence, which, I regret to say, modern female education does not tend to form.—If we train women only for the enervating refinements of luxurious life, how shall we blame their lack of the useful virtues? The portionless wife of a struggling professional man, would require, in this age, to be something more than a mere angel. It is more the prevailing character of the women, I assure you, and the expensive habits of modern society, that inspire my proverbial horror of improvident marriages, than the mere objection of a narrow income."

Frankland was silent; and I felt that I had said enough, and took my leave, arranging a longer airing for the morrow than he had yet ventured upon. But, for this purpose, no morrow came. On that day, Frankland learned from Greene, who had arrived from Bath, the distracting intelligence that Helena was to appear on the same night. The news was confirmed, by the usual preliminary flourish of trumpets, in the Bath and Bristol papers. When I reached his chambers, I found only Greene busied in directing Timothy.

"Gone to Bath!" was my horror-struck exclamation, in answer to Greene's information.

"And will certainly reach soon after the drawing up of the curtain. How I envy Frankland his feelings!—to witness the lady of his secret love *debut* under such brilliant circumstances! You have never, I believe, seen the beauteous Helena Vane. O rose of May! dear maid! kind sister! sweet Ophelia!—Never had Hamlet's love so exquisite a representative. What melting pathos, what sensibility in her looks and tones, in those seeming simple words—

'He is dead and gone, ladye,  
He is dead and gone.'

The provoking fellow would have inflicted more of these lines upon me, had I not yelled again, "Gone to Bath! What did he say! How did he look! Left he no message! How could you, Mr. Greene, permit such madness! He is probably again delirious:—he will expire on the road."

"What do you mean? I never saw Frankland look better—his color fine—his eyes flashing with life and soul; he even said something witty about *not* being like Byron, *not* having time to wait for a blue coat to be married in. He also said he would write you, and that you must send Timothy, and his medicine, and dressing things by the first coach—and fifty pounds, for which I have just run to my banker's.—Half my fortune is at the disposal of the generous friend to whom I owe the whole of it—and my happiness too. But there is a certain Laura —. Well, no more of that. If I were not positively engaged to return to Dorsetshire to-day, I would have run down with Frankland to witness the most interesting *debut* that has probably ever taken place on the English stage.—How I would have enjoyed the reflected sunshine of his rapturous feelings, when he perceives that 'Sweet Ophelia' recognizes him in the stagebox:—for, even if he should get horses readily, he cannot reach before the third act."

I digested my impatience in the best way I could. "Had Fair Rosamand," he provokingly continued, "been sustained by the genius and sensibility of Helena Vane, the town might have witnessed a very different result, Mr. Richard. But no matter; there are such things as—*revivals*."

Notwithstanding his allegiance to his lady, Laura, I believed Frankland had shaken off Greene in the morning; for, when I announced my purpose of taking the place of Timothy, and setting off after my friend, he proposed to accompany me. This I at once negatived, aware that Frankland might be offended by my pursuing him myself, and utterly indignant at the implied interference of Greene.

How differently individuals, who may be supposed to feel alike, sometimes view the same event! There was Greene in ecstasy with the opening of an adventure which distressed me beyond measure. An indifferent spectator might have smiled at Sir Gravity, seated upon a trunk, watching Timothy showing the double row of his white teeth, as, on his knees, he tugged, and pushed, and stuffed a carpet-bag, with the unromantic appliances of boots and pocket-handkerchiefs, for his fugitive master, who, I feared, was rushing on ruin; and the excited poet, vowing, in the fulness of his rapturous gratitude, that Frank-

land, and Frankland alone, was worthy of the rich homage of youth, beauty, genius, fame—in short, of that piece of most admired perfection, the new Ophelia.

My chagrin and perplexity were, I dare say, visible in my face, as I burst, from a fit of musing, into the abrupt question—"What sort of girl is she!"

"Girl!—Well, it is become a sweet word, especially in Moore's and Byron's verse. But for the beauteous Helena!—

'O! she is more than painting can express,  
Or youthful poets fancy when they dream.'

"Soh!—But has she any fortune?—has she any sense? Frankland's wife would need both."

My question showed not much of the latter quality, considering the man to whom it was addressed. I could obtain nothing from him, save that the astonishing tragic powers of Helena, who was first intended to appear merely as a singer, had been unexpectedly "developed," in his own lyric of the "Mad Maiden's Madrigal." So had said, and so had written, Miss Caroline Vane to the man whose capacity to manage £1500 a year had been as "unexpectedly developed," by the verdict of a jury. I trembled for *Laura*, afar off in Dorsetshire.

The fates had decreed that I should make no journey to Bath at this time; and I felt resented, unpleasant as were the circumstances which freed me. Mrs. Hannah More has said—and had any woman less hallowed ventured the same freedom, it would certainly have been called profane—"That the only real evils of this lower world are sin and bile." Mrs. Hannah, I apprehend, was too fortunate and prudent a person to have tasted of a third evil, which is sometimes termed the root of all evil. It is a root of which few, whether rich or poor, escape, at one time or other, tasting the bitterness. Frankland, imagined to be flying on the wings of love, was secretly chewing it on the Bath road; and its sedative effects had so far allayed the impetuous current of passion and locomotion, that he took time, while the horses were changing, to write a hasty letter, acquainting me with his sudden but necessary resolution, and his lack of the ways and means.

I did my duty to my friend, and abided the event with as much patience as I could summon up. From the newspapers I received the first certain intelligence. The Bath and the London journals, with the many lesser lights revolving in the small country towns, were full of the affair; and every drawing-room, green-room, pump-room, parlor, back-shop, and coffee-house, rung, for some days, with "the gallantry of the celebrated liberal barrister, Mr. F—, who had snatched the lovely Miss V—, whose *debut* had created such a sensation in Bath, from the boards, on her first night; and run away with her to that happy land of love and romance, where Cupid, rose-lipped, impatient imp, is not bound to wait the good pleasure of drowsy parsons, and their lazy clerks, nor yet for marriage-licenses, whether special or common."

But my chief medium of intelligence was Greene, who received letter upon letter from the sister of the heroine. He, whose element was excitement, was now more moved by the eclat of the hasty marriage, and the gallant and romantic circumstances attending it, than if Helena had introduced the "Mad Maiden's Madrigal," in the third act, and come forth, from the ordeal of a first night,

the most triumphant of all Ophelias. His only business, for three days, was to run from coffee-house to coffee-house, and from club to club, wherever he could find admittance, to expatiate upon the gallantry of his distinguished friend—dauntless in love as in law—on the rare beauty of “the Arabian bird” Frankland had caught in her first flight—and to favor me with long extracts from Miss Vane’s letters.

For the third time, he caught me by the button, in the full, rolling human tide of the Strand. “Was it not a dashing affair!—Who would have expected such a fiery outbreak from Frankland!—but the Carolinian blood was a-blaze. He drove the last two stages himself—feeble as he was—would trust no post-boy.—Drove up to the theatre, four-in-hand, slap-bang—a prodigious crowd assembled—rushed upon the stage, and caught Helena—divine Ophelia!—in his arms, as she was about to sink under her own overpowering emotions—poor girl!—and Kean’s devilish

‘Ha! ha! are you honest?’

Just in the nick of time you see—and down sunk the lovers in each other’s arms, Frankland as dead as Harry the Eighth—and down tumbled the curtain. The house was in rare confusion and amaze—as you may suppose—the manager in agony—and Hamlet, stamping for his Ophelia ravished from him. But he is a good-hearted fellow at bottom, Kean; with a pretty spice of enthusiasm and romance in his composition too. He went before the curtain, and, in a neat speech, informed the ladies and gentlemen, that their tragedy, of that night, was likely to end, after the approved manner of all comedies—with the near prospect of a wedding. And down came pit, gallery, and boxes, in three distinct rounds, to the happy pair. Many of the young ladies were driven to their cambric, I am told, by the pathos of the scene. I dare say we may expect the young couple in town very soon. They are quite a passion in Bath—Caroline writes me—so fêted and petted.”

I could only interject an occasional *humph* as my contribution to this information, the one-half of which was absurd exaggeration.

“But that is not the best of it.—Bath is divided into two furious factions;—one hostile, headed by Helena’s former patroness, the Marchioness of Longlappette, the old doctors, and the manager, who complains of great pecuniary loss and very bad usage; and the other, by all the young ladies, the gay young men, and the young doctors, who uphold the lovers. Lady Longlappette, it is thought—*entre nous*—dexterously seized the opportunity of getting rid of the whole family—moved, as she says, by the deceit and ingratitude of the younger girl, and her insolent usage of Mr. Manager and the most fashionable audience that had been seen in Bath theatre for years. Miss Caroline Vane, who, in epistolary eloquence, rivals Madame de Sevigné herself, has filled sheet upon sheet to the marchioness, breathing unappeasable sorrow, and Harriet even knelt before her; but the old lady continues inflexible, whipping her jaded hacks round Bath, bewailing her own candid, unsuspecting nature, which lays her so open to the arts of the designing, and vowing her nerves can’t stand the shock of ever seeing a Vane in her house again.—Martyn, whom you have seen, writes me this.”

“And what is to become of the young ladies?”

“For the present, I believe, they will come to

town, and reside with their lovely sister, Mrs. Frankland.”

“Humph! So Frankland has married three wives.”

“My dear sir, your conclusions are rather rapid.—It fortunately so happened, that, at the time of Helena’s *debut*, Lord Tilsit, the head of the Vanes and a near relation of the young ladies, happened to be in Bath, by recommendation of his physicians.—Indeed, this influenced the period chosen for Helena’s appearance.”

“Tilsit the cabinet minister?”

“The same. Conceive how fortunate a stroke for our friend, this connexion.”

“Humph!”

“Well, sir, Lord Tilsit had, it was believed, resented the name of Vane appearing in a play-bill; and was so much pleased with the spirit displayed by Frankland, whom he knows by character, no doubt, that he made his physician, the celebrated Dr. Coddler, the bearer of the olive branch to the Misses Vanes. They had been driven to find an asylum in their milliner’s for the time, by their furious patroness, who literally turned them out of doors. As soon as the license, about which his lordship wrote to his friend the archbishop with his own hand, was obtained, the marriage took place in his ready furnished house; and he himself gave away the bride, who, with her sisters, had been living with him for some days previous to the marriage. Every soul in Bath, save the Longlappette faction, was so charmed, as his lordship had, for five years, taken no notice of his fair relatives. Mrs. Frankland, in particular, had grown up an angelic creature since he had seen the Vanes.—What do you guess was his wedding gift?”

“Something very pretty from the Bath trinket-shops; or, perhaps—for Lord Tilsit knows the world—a small draft upon Hoare —”

“Better, sir—a gift of the most considerate and yet splendid kind—his late residence in Berkeley Square, with all the furniture as it stands, down to the very scrubbing-brushes, and including the silver dishes.”

“Humph! And how are they to be filled!—though I believe genteel economy can make much out of silver dishes.”

“O cynic! that is ever the way with you.”

“You don’t mean to tell me that Frankland will occupy that great, cast-off house—so far away from the regions of business—so large and expensive, that it would eat him up in taxes—unless, indeed, Lord Tilsit has given his beautiful relative an income, and one of his cast-off carriages too.”

I was sensible of my own silly bitterness, without having power to restrain it. In what was this beginning to end?

“A new carriage, if she will do me the honor to accept of it, shall be my humble gift to Mrs. Frankland. And, as to income, it is universally allowed to be disgraceful, that young ladies, the daughters of a gallant officer, and the near relatives of a man who has done so much for his country as Lord Tilsit, should remain in a dependant situation. The royal bounty could not flow in purer channels.”

“Humph!—the spinsters are to be pensioned, then?”

“You are sometimes pleased to indulge in a caustic style of remark, Mr. Richard; but, as I know Frankland has no truer friend, and not one he

esteems more, I may just hint to you in confidence——"

"Tell me nothing, sir——." I left him abruptly, mortified and sad, and heard no more of Frankland for about ten days. Then my friend Timothy, in a smart new livery, came with a rather long letter from his master, dated from the new residence—to which, however, Frankland made no allusion whatever—apologizing for silence. He requested, as a particular favor, that I would breakfast with him on next Sunday morning; he longed so much to see me, and had so much to say. "Helena also," he added, "impatiently desires the pleasure of making the acquaintance of my guide, philosopher, and friend—her unknown correspondent, and my nurse." Of the sisters he said nothing.

There was in my bosom a well-spring of affection for this man, which partook of the force and warmth of kindred blood. My late cares and anxieties for him, and even my present forebodings, endeared Frankland the more; and I chided down my suspicions, though my fears I could not conquer, as I viewed the precipice upon which he was venturing.

While I mused over his letter, which, though as friendly as possible, was, I imagined, not without a certain air of restraint, Timothy, translated, by his dress and the favor of his mistress, into a complete negro coxcomb, was entertaining Nurse Wilks and her helper in the kitchen with the glory and grandeur of Massa Frankland's new dwelling, his lady, the bride-cake, the coach, and the company. The topic was so acceptable to his audience and himself, that I was permitted as long time as I chose to answer his master's note; which I did by accepting his invitation.

Nurse Wilks, when Sunday arrived, hinted at the propriety of making my first visit in "my own hackney coach;" and, as I was going out in only my second-best surtout, fairly caught me, remonstrated, and swore, in the face of the heavens, which

Grew black as she was speaking,

that there would not be a drop of rain that day; and, moreover, was I not the well-known *Gentleman with the Umbrella*?

I set my face towards "the splendid mansion in Berkeley Square," at a heavier pace than the elastic step which had so oft borne me on to Frankland's chambers. The time of receiving me, though so prudently ordered, proved, I fear, somewhat *malà propos*. I was admitted by a strange domestic; though Timothy, grinning welcome from ear to ear, usurped the office of groom of the chambers, in right of our intimacy; and had his claim allowed by the other man, perhaps, in respect of my thrifty, rain-defying surtout.

Tim's hilarity, gay attire, and fresh Sunday-morning bouquet, were not in harmony with the appearance of his master. I found Frankland alone in a small side apartment, and engaged in writing. If not quite so pale, he was even more thin than when I had last seen him; and, in the course of our three hours' interview, I remarked, with pain, that, if not so abstracted and thoughtful as I had often seen him, he was frequently absent and laboring in mind—disturbed and anxious. Our meeting was more than friendly. He received my hurried congratulations with a flush of those silent smiles which enkindled his face to its finest expression; and our all-hail, if not attended by

violent demonstrations on either side, was of a character that showed me I had not yet lost my friend, and that he had not lost himself. Neither of us alluded to the past; and although I have no reason to imagine that Frankland was either ashamed of his marriage, or of its mode, I never found him voluntarily recurring to those romantic adventures at Bath, which had so enchanted Greene and others, among his green friends.

Timothy announced breakfast in the library: and a shade of embarrassment clouded Frankland's features. "My plans have not turned out well," he said, forcing a smile. "The fact is, I fancied Sunday morning the best of quiet, sober seasons, to make Helena acquainted with you; and most unexpectedly *her* relation, Lord Tilsit, arrived in town last night, and craved her hospitality for a few days, as he is an invalid, and fears the chambers of his new house are still damp. I fancied you might find it pleasanter to see us alone at first, than in *their* circle, and ordered breakfast below:—but at your pleasure. Shall we join my wife's family and his lordship up stairs, or remain where we are? I find Lord Tilsit a pleasant enough acquaintance."

Inclination, as well as delicacy, determined my choice. I knew that Frankland's pride, if no worthier motive, would have made him disdain the meanness of seeming or being ashamed to produce an old friend, had a prince been his guest instead of a diplomatic peer; but I also knew the lady-world too well not to be aware that my appearance might have embarrassed the Miss Vanes, as much as that of worthy Mr. C\*\*\*\*\* the poet did that humble and unworldly Christian woman, Hannah More, when discovered by her quality morning-visitors tête-à-tête with her, and wished fairly up the chimney.

We were ushered into the library, a handsome, almost a magnificent room, from which his lordship's books were not yet removed, and where a splendid *dejeuner* was laid out, though no lady appeared. Frankland himself went in search of his dilatory wife; betraying to me, who so well could read every varying shade of that candid and expressive countenance, some signs of impatience, verging to displeasure. While he disappeared by the principal entrance, she glided in by the door opening on the small side apartment; a lovely and gracious-looking creature, still in the first-bloom of youthful feelings, her spirit fresh in the dew of her youth.

A voice of witching sweetness, calling his name, arrested Frankland's steps; but ere he returned, she had already almost walked into my arms, introducing herself by saying, "I am certain I have at last the pleasure of seeing Mr. Frankland's particular friend, Mr. Richard Taylor? I cannot expect to attain the high place my husband holds in his heart; but I shall hope, in time, to glide into some small corner near Frankland." And now Frankland's face first brightened and beamed with something like bridal gladness.

With whatever he might be dissatisfied, he was evidently proud as well as fond of his wife. Throwing his arm round her waist, he drew her caressingly towards me, and, smiling upon her, he said, "I must bespeak your special kindness for this lady. I trust you are not in danger of finding her what I know you sometimes dread in modern young wives—too much angel—'tis her only fault." The lady, elated by the pride and felicity of her position, made some gay remark,

which was mid-way encountered by my gallant, if somewhat ancient, compliments; and we sat down to breakfast, in good spirits, and pleased with each other.

I found Mrs. Frankland, on further observation, a more beautiful woman than even Greene's raptures had led me to expect, though far from my *beau-ideal* of her that might have been the chosen wife of Frankland. And, indeed, I was afterwards told by her sisters, that Helena had become twice as handsome after her marriage. Still her extreme loveliness was rather of that kind for which we look in the ideal of an Helen, a Gabrielle, or a Fair Rosamond—in a woman whose business it is unconsciously to dazzle and charm—than what a prudent man admires in the wife of a younger friend, for whose prosperity and happiness he is anxious.

Helena's was neither the beauty of a high intelligence, nor yet that of a lively sensibility. With strong and profound feeling it could hold no communion; and, great tragic actress as she had been pronounced, she never could have been *my* Ophelia. Little informing mind mingled with

The music breathing from her face.

I am told, by the way, the great critics call this line nonsense; but let that pass. But that face, harmonious in features, brilliant in tincture, and brightened by those infantile evanescent smiles which relieved its sweet passivity, was less alloyed by the animalism of mere beauty than is usual with the halcyon countenance. I may give a better idea of my friend's wife by saying, that, in the circle of Charles II., she might have rivalled Castlemain, though most unlike to her, and have eclipsed the fair Stuart.

I shall have blame to impute to this lady, which I must, in candor, even at this preliminary stage, divide with the world in which she moved and had her whole being. Gentle and flexible in her temper, indolent and luxurious in her habits, weak-principled, rather from ignorance, than from vice of disposition, and more capable of being false than of seeming harsh and unkind—enlightened charity ought almost to grant so uninstructed and fair, and frail a creature, a dispensation from moral responsibility; and, in her case, and that of her class, to have admitted the new and dangerous doctrine, that character is formed *for* and not *by* the individual.

My first impression had been favorable, though the woman, as I have said, was so different from my ideal of a wife for Frankland. My philosophy, or my cynicism, was melting away under the winning grace of her simple manners, and the sweetness of her voice; but the interview had not closed before it became too evident that this insidious charmer, with all her beauty and amiability, was not the helpmate for a man like my friend. Neither his mind, his temper, nor his fortune, could afford a mere toy, however elegant; and, as I perceived that he was already suspicious of the opinion I formed of his wife, I trembled for their happiness. Joyous, unreflecting, and inconsequent—fully conscious of her attractions of person, and of the possession of one brilliant talent, which she had learned far to over-rate as an element of enduring fireside happiness—she was yet docile and affectionate, and proud of her husband; and she might easily have been moulded to his will, if not to his mind, had not the world stepped in and conspired against both, with a force too potent for

her feeble reason and compliant temper. Yes! her stars were more in fault than Helena. She was created for moderate affection and placid enjoyment; and had been trained for a world where roses bloom all the year round, where sound is music, and common breath odorous. She was like thousands upon thousands of the refined women of Europe, whom we inconsiderately blame as frivolous and perverted, while nearly all their faults are chargeable upon their education and the sophisticated state of the society in which they move. In some golden isle of the Indian seas, Helena, for example, like thousands of her sisters, might have led a life that was one long, vague dream of luxurious sensation; basking in the sunshine, or floating on the tide; indolently gathering her meal from the bread-fruit tree, warbling her native music like a bird, and encountering no heavier toil than wreathing her hair with flowers. Equally happy might her life have been passed, reposing her jewelled limbs in voluptuous languor upon the cushions of the harem, breathing incense, and drowsily listening to oriental fictions. She might even have been happy in England or France, as a *modiste*, spending her life in contrasting gay colors, and inventing elegant forms; or in the humble condition of one of those "pretty maidens" one encounters in gardens, attending rosy cherubs, in muslin trousers and straw bonnets. None of these may appear very dignified modes of existence; but in showing how easily the real woman could have been made happy, I wish to prove society and the stars more in fault than the sex, when vanity leads to extravagance, and this besetting vice of the modern world, in its turn, to meanness in conduct, and depravity in principle. Moderate success in the profession to which she had been destined, might also have made Helena perfectly happy; for I confess that, in a creature familiar with exhibition from infancy, I never could perceive any marked sign of those "virgin sanctities of her nature," of which her lover, in his delirium, had deprecated the violation.

Even in a merely mercenary union, as the partner of a wealthy, good-humored, and ostentatious man, Helena might have been both happy and respectable. Her stars were again in fault. Her lot had been taken above her caste; and, if the marriage of unequal ranks be perilous to happiness, how much worse is that of unequal minds! Helena had taken her place, side by side, with a remarkable man, in a life of lofty endeavor; which, if it promised high, and the highest of all reward, was yet, for a long time, to be one of sacrifice, privation, and self-command; though wisdom might, in every hour, have sweetened its austerities by enjoyments, which Helena, though capable of relishing, had, unfortunately for herself, not been taught to prize. I would be charitable with Helena. For an exposed position in the midst of a world of conflict, and suffering, and sorrow, she was not more unprepared than is frequent in her class; but yet how miserably deficient!

It may be imagined that I magnify the importance of the character of the wife on the prospects and conduct, and ultimate fate of her husband and her family: but this I deny as impossibility, if that husband be in a condition resembling that of my friend.

I do not know whether it might be heedlessness or forethought, that, as we lingered at the breakfast-table, made Helena laughingly remark, "Mr. Frankland once told me that *you* might not think

our marriage such a mad freak as the world gave us credit for—until Lord Tilsit was so kind to us. Mamma is so glad that any *prudent* friend approves; especially you, who, they say, go about in gay society like a death's-head and cross-bones. Frankland said you gave him good encouragement to marry."

"Provided he found the kind of wife I pictured, who would accept of him."

"And that was exactly you, Helena," said Frankland, smiling upon her, his voice involuntarily sinking to those tones which bespoke the tenderness of a fond if troubled affection. "She was, I remember, to be my intelligent friend, my endearing and cheerful companion; sympathizing in my sorrows and trials, and enjoying my triumphs—"

"I can, at least, answer for that, dear James!" she cried, looking, at the moment, quite beautiful; "whether they be in professional life, or in society. I was so proud of him the other night, Mr. Richard, at Lady's Amen's party, when Mr. Rigby praised him so highly to my sister Caroline, though, I believe, they differ in politics."

With a vengeance they differed in politics, and in many other interests; though Rigby was, I knew, the oracle of the world in which Helena had moved, and one known to all other spheres as the dispenser of literary fame.

"So you met the great Rigby?" was my rejoinder. "How did you find the man you used to despise?"

Frankland was rather disconcerted by my abruptness. "Quite as witty as I expected," he replied; "perhaps more so,—and much more pleasant. I recalled a lesson of charity you once gave me, in observing, that, if you had been the contemporary of Swift, you would have detested him; but, that now, seeing so much of his inner life and feelings, you were inclined to think of his character with great indulgence—to pity, and almost to like him."

"Oh, ho, sir! and you mean to commend my own lesson back to me!—but I won't have your warm detestation of the satirical, vicious tory melt away with Lady Amen's ices in this way."

Frankland could still smile:—his conscience was clear.

"And what more was the paragon wife to perform!" said Mrs. Frankland.

"Darn her husband's hose, madam, when needful," was my rude reply; and she smiled, as at a very bad joke; "and make long extracts from musty law-books, or any similar duty, if so far honored by his confidence." Helena gave my imagined bad joke the compliment of another civil smile; but, for the first time, looked as ladies do, when they are perplexed to unriddle "a strange odd creature."

"To make home happy, comprehends most of the duties of a wife; yet that, I fear, is an art not so easily attainable as young ladies sometimes imagine."

Helena looked to her husband with the half-disdainful, radiant smiles of the conscious charmer; as if she pitied my old bachelor ignorance of the bliss which beauty, tenderness, and accomplishment like hers, had the power to impart, too much to be piqued by the freedom of my remark.—Frankland answered her appealing yet triumphant glance by smiles as assured if more grave; and his wife fancied it necessary—in vindication, I presume, of her matronly prudence—to confess,

with a look of candid humility, "I dare say I shall not, at first, be the very best of possible housekeepers; but I have often been out with married ladies, and seen them order things for the family from their tradespeople. My own maid is very clever, with a proper notion of everything, as she has lived with several ladies of good fashion, and was particularly recommended to mamma."

I did not allow myself to smile, as she continued—"Lord Tilsit's tradespeople have been pestering us, ever since we came to town, with notes and cards, soliciting Mrs. Frankland's patronage and orders." Frankland looked uneasy again, as, with the *Goldsmithian* tact upon which my friends have sometimes complimented me, I blurted out,— "London tradesmen, like the tragic lover, seem in love with ruin in these days:—"

Another's first, and then their own,"

I continued, endeavoring to turn the awkward speech gently off—"Decay of business and competition among the shopkeepers, have worked an entire revolution in retail trade within these twenty years, especially at the West End."

"And you don't approve of changes?" said Frankland, smiling again; "you are conservative?"

"I plead guilty to being old enough to grumble at many modern novelties—the system of long book-debts, and, consequently, improvident and rash orders and extravagant charges, among the rest."

"I believe there may be defects in the present financial system, domestic and public; but, I presume, it will right itself. We philosophers can only regret that expensive luxury is the tax ever necessarily entailed upon refinement of taste and manners." He smiled in mockery of his own common-place.

"I deny the necessity," I rejoined briskly.

"So do I; but we must all submit, more or less, to something as imperative in its exactions," returned Frankland.

"While in May Fair, bow to May Fair's law?" said I.

"Why, I fear it is so. Our prudence may be shown in the degree of compliance, and our fortitude in the strength of resistance; but to the goddess, Fashion, all must yield, as you may perceive;" and he bowed.

The latter part of this speech was directed to the Miss Vanes, who entered the room, splendidly equipped, to attend the Sunday opera of St. — Church, after having agreeably spent an hour or two in the morning sacrifice of arranging their hair and costume, so as, with the most dazzling effect, to confess themselves "Miserable sinners!" in the eyes of a polite congregation of other miserable sinners! Both were very handsome and elegant women, with more of the decided—the pronounced air of high fashion, and much more of what ladies call *manner*, than their younger sister. She flew to them, in affectionate admiration of their looks and air, but especially of their clothes; and, after the sisterly kiss, busied herself, first in adjusting something about Caroline's bonnet, and then Harriet's sandal.

I cannot tell whether Frankland was merely absent, or did not intend me the honor of an introduction to his new relatives; but Helena had certainly forgotten me, until her self-possessed elder sister, in an audible whisper, begged to be intro-

duced to Mr. Frankland's "admirable friend." My reception was most flattering and gracious, and not very much overdone; for the Vanes were really well-bred women, and, therefore, not apt to err on the side of excessive condescension to inferiors.

I afterwards found that the Miss Vanes were of the class of universal charmers. They had been trained to the business of pleasing; and, in absence of the lord or lady, appeared as desirous of captivating, in their several turns, the child, the chaplain, the butler, the gardener, the groom, or the old house-dog himself; and they generally succeeded, save with the child and the house-dog, with whom words and mock caresses were not current coin.

The young ladies were now gaily rallying Frankland on his irregular attendance at church. They were, themselves, so far exemplary, that, if no friend took them to the opera on Saturday night, and thus, by late hours, put them out of good looks, they never neglected the fashionable service on Sunday. Religion is, at present, made so very easy and accommodating to gentlefolks, not to say amusing and attractive to the fashionable world, that it is unpardonable if any large portion of it remain longer either skeptical or unregenerate. I understand there is decided improvement. Miss Harriet Vane has lately exhibited, on Sundays, and even on week days, when in "serious society," symptoms of a *decided call*. Her emotion, her exultation, her delight, may, therefore, be imagined, when, as we still chatted, Lord Tilsit's servant brought his lordship's compliments to Mrs. Frankland. "He meant to accompany her to church." Of the three sisters, each was excited in her own way.

Helena flushed *terrestrial* rosy-red, with gratified pride, and looked to Frankland:—"And you will go, James?" was uttered in her most persuasive tones, as her arm slid within his. Her elder sister was ever alert to cover her blunders:—"And, if I have leave, I will remain to entertain Mr. Richard Taylor until your return; especially as I shall have all those potent Russia and Morocco auxiliaries." She pointed to the book-cases.

"Now, pray do, Frankland," cried the still clinging charmer; "go with us to church."

"Let me not stand in the way of any devout purpose," I exclaimed. "I am going to church myself." This was an evident relief to the ladies, though another bar came in the way of their pious intentions, as Harriet suddenly recollected that some "horrid creature" or other had not sent home Mrs. Frankland's bonnet; and the *esprit* plumes of that which she had, had suffered in the dews and rains of the honeymoon. This was whispered among them. There was, moreover, neither carriage-room nor pew-room for more than four persons; and Miss Vane showed her sisterly affection and her prudence, by forcing her bonnet, with her seat, upon her married sister. "His lordship would be so disappointed if she and Mr. Frankland did not accompany him to hear the dean preach. Helena withdrew to attire herself, and soon returned.

"Let me see you soon," said Frankland, shaking hands—"very soon. This is but an abrupt meeting."

"Oh, do come to see us again, soon!" cried Helena; "and I shall sing for you as long as ever you please.—But his lordship has got into the carriage."

We were now all in the entrance hall, and Miss Harriet, who had taken her place, jumped out

again, and running to her sister Caroline, whispered, "His lordship means to request the freedom of asking his friend, the dean, to eat a morsel of dinner with us in the evening, as he leaves town early to-morrow, and they have business, I suppose. Attend *you* to that, Caroline, he begs, and don't tease Frankland and Helena. His gentleman will do all that is requisite, and obtain from the — Club House whatever you choose to order. The dean is, his lordship says, as to *gourmandize*, moderate, but rather fastidious."

"I have a high opinion of your discretion, Caroline," cried his lordship from the carriage, "and of your *savoir vivre*."

"I shall be proud to merit your lordship's good opinion." Slap-bang, up went the steps, and the carriage rolled off, leaving me half ensconced behind a pillar of the hall, wondering where my hat was to be looked for; and Miss Caroline already brooding hospitalities towards a dean whose voice was potential alike in church, state, court, and university.

The church bells were now all ringing, carriages were rolling along; and, in this quarter, even a few pedestrians, chiefly smart female servants, might be seen. I had probably been observed coming out of the house; for, within a few yards of it, I was arrested by a young girl whom I had long known as the daughter of a respectable tradesman in our lane; and who, I understood, had lately obtained the rank of apprentice in the establishment of a fashionable French milliner. Though the traces of late hours were already visible in Mary Cox's pale sharp features, she had still the tiptoe springy step and alert look of her class. She attempted to conceal her handbox under her shawl, as an offence to the church-goers, while evidently glad to meet one who, she hoped, would assist her vain search for Mrs. Frankland.

"Madame Royet," she told me, "was so afraid to disappoint that lady, as it was a *new* family, and three or four ladies; but she was always so busy before Sundays, now that the town was filling so fast. There were five and twenty young ladies in the establishment, journey-women and apprentices, and they had been up every night for three weeks, till four in the morning, and all night on Saturdays: dresses were so required for church and the park."

"Then you will go home and have a good long sleep now, Mary, which you seem to want," said I, pointing out Frankland's house in the distance.

"No, indeed." And it came out in explanation, that, after the repeated vigils of these teastimulated handmaids of fashion and fashionable piety, an hour or two must be stolen from the Sunday to repair their own wardrobe, and improve it with such fragmentary finery as might enable them also to visit the scene of exhibition—to regale their eyes with the sight of their past labors, and, if girls of taste, genius, and invention, to obtain ideas for novel performances.

Poor things! a dray-horse, or a coal-heaver required less strength of constitution than the damsels on Madame Royet's staff, at this busy season. The little girl of whom I speak, soon became sickly, consumptive, and distorted in the spine, and dropped into the grave before she was twenty, still regretting to me, on her death bed, that Mrs. Frankland had the misfortune to have gone out on that day; as she was, when inspected in the Park, found all so handsome, save that ugly Bath-made bonnet! It was consolation, when I confirmed

Mary's protestations of the bells being still ringing, when she was near the house; and that, if Mrs. Frankland's patience had been equal to Madame's punctuality, the bonnet might have been in time for church and park, and the disgrace prevented. To Madame, this might only be sorrow at the loss of a dozen orders for bonnets similar to the one worn by a pretty new face; but to poor dying Mary, making ornaments for herself as she sat up in bed, it was "stuff of the conscience," that a lady whom Mr. Richard Taylor knew should have been so very unfortunate, and she concerned.

I know not what has tempted me into this digression on the female laborers in the London fashion-factories. Thinking of them, I am convinced that Cowper included women in the general term, when he exclaimed—

There is no flesh in *man's* obdurate heart—  
It doth not feel for man!

What a blessing to Helena Frankland, as well as to little Mary Coxe, had both females been early taught to discern and cleave to the universal constituents of real happiness. Thus, what had prevented the curvature of Mary's spine, might haply have averted the distortion of Helena's mind.

Months passed—it was the height of the London season—and I saw little of Frankland, and heard much more than I wished. When we chanced to meet, though his kindness was undiminished, there was restraint upon our intercourse, which soon made it, from being stiff, become painful. Each, in relation to the other, was laboring under the load of a reserve of thought, completely destructive of the comfort and freedom of friendly intercourse, especially as neither could treat the opinions the other formed of his conduct and sentiments with indifference. Our way of life, besides, lay every day farther apart. The beauty and musical talent of his wife, the attractions—perhaps I might say, the allurements—of her sisters, his own celebrity, and, more than all, the fresh vogue and combined force of the various *agremens* of his house, made it the resort of many of the better order of fashionable people, as well as of the host of the frivolous; and of persons distinguished by merit and accomplishment, eminent in the professions, in the arts, in literature, and in public life, whom it was pride and pleasure to entertain and to meet, but for the one dreadful reflection, how or where was all this to end, to a man without fortune, without large professional income, and placed in the most expensive capital in the world.

An interesting class of persons whom one was sure to meet at Mr. Frankland's evening parties were foreigners—accomplished men, generally of liberal opinions—some of them refugees, Italians, Poles, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Belgians and natives of America—whose presence, it was alleged, I never could resist, even when I set my face the most determinedly against both fashionable parties and what Miss Vane called *prudential dinners*. These were the dinners which that lady, in her wisdom, began to make her sister barter against the expectation of increasing professional employment for her husband. The great man, the head of the house of Vane, though he countenanced the young couple, was nearly as powerless in this respect as were Mrs. Frankland's songs, with her sisters' blandishments, and her husband's dinners, to boot.

It was painful to me to hear that Frankland's professional business was falling off, at the very time when increase became so necessary to him. To this many small causes contributed, against which his great abilities and new connections offered no counterpoise. His locality, the dissipation of time and thought attendant on his mode of life, and perpetual and torturing mental anxiety, were gradually disqualifying him for his diminishing duties; and the shrewd, professional men, who seldom refused to assist at Miss Caroline Vane's "*prudential dinners*," affected to believe, that Frankland, devoted to literature, and politics, and engaged in fashionable life, could have no serious desire to fight his way into practice as a barrister.

No one could exactly tell what his views might be. It was no one's concern; and, in London, there are so many *dashing* families, whose means are mysteries, that this case, even to the gossiping inquirers, made but one more of the sort.

Frankland, about this time, became more closely connected with a new set of acquaintances. Though official duty absolved Lord Tilsit from all social ceremonies, save with personages in high station, and though he never appeared at Mrs. Frankland's evening parties, he sometimes saw the family, with his other connexions, in private; and Frankland, in spite of the bad odor of his liberalism, was often invited to his friendly dinners. There he met with one or two individuals, already well known to him by character, as rising politicians upon the thriving side:—under-secretaries, second-rate speakers in parliament, and noted partisan writers. Arrogance was no part of his proud nature; and I believe, he rated himself too justly to be overpowered by their civilities and flatteries, yet the candid and favorable appreciation of an able adversary must ever be peculiarly grateful to a generous mind. If Frankland retained his original repugnance to the opinions of these gentlemen, his aversion to their personal characters abated by intimacy. It is not possible to retain strong dislike to those with whom one voluntarily meets every day in pleasant society. Frankland, who was prevailed with to join one of their social and literary clubs, forgot that he had so lately haughtily regarded the men with whom he now associated, as hollow trimmers or interested sycophants of power, some of them adding the meanness of the place-hunter to the malignity of the bigot or the rabid frenzy which marks the conscious renegade. Compliments were now frequently paid to his talents in their party journals; and hopes were expressed of him, which begot fear among those old friends on whom he began to look coldly, and who were gradually falling off, in doubt and perplexity, though no decided act yet gave color to their suspicions.

It could scarcely be laid to Frankland's charge, that his wife's unmarried sisters, the fair relations of Lord Tilsit, had obtained, through his lordship's interest and the kindness of the dean, pensions less unjustifiable in principle than many that are granted, and not large in amount. But the ladies lived in his family, and one of the *Liberal* journals, upon this circumstance, commenced a series of attacks, which, I fear, enabled Frankland to palliate to himself the contempt he was beginning to avow for the whole liberal party; as if the ill-nature of all the editors in the world, and the fierceness, envy, or mean-mindedness of a

few vulgar partisans, could bring disgrace upon the public principles which they supported, often, indeed, with suspicious honesty and singularly bad taste. In the same, or some similar quarter, it was soon afterwards asserted that Frankland was the author of an article in a high Tory periodical publication, which contained an elaborate defence of the attempt made by the Duke D'Angoulême upon the liberties of Spain. His "brilliant and pointed style" was pretended to be recognized; and passages were contrasted with what were known to be his earlier writings, in proof against him; while the ministerialists were sneeringly congratulated upon gaining the *disinterested* and faithful lawyer. His intimacy with some gentlemen connected with the French embassy made the proof positive. The amount in snuff-boxes or Napoleons received from the French court was hinted at—not specified.

At another time, he might have despised these attacks; but Frankland, sensitive to the intense extreme which makes life misery, now suffered under that perpetual fever of the mind, when every trifle irritates and inflames. In a paroxysm of fury, his eyes darting maniacal fires, while the cold perspiration burst over his high, pale forehead, I saw him tear asunder the miserable printed sheet, which he dashed into the fire. In the next instant, the recoil of his feelings filled him with indignant shame at having been moved by so unworthy a cause, and at thus betraying his feelings.

"These reptiles of the press," he exclaimed, forcing a bitter smile—"these cold, creeping, slimy, venomous things—are, of themselves, enough to disgust any man with the cause they pretend to advocate. The Tories are, at least, persons of high and gentlemanly feelings."

"Some of them," was my reply; "nor are their journals a whit less capable of lying a little and slandering a good deal, than those of their neighbors. Much depends on the spectacles through which a man reads this sort of things."

Frankland was in the mood to find a sneer, even in this pointless remark. He quivered as he regarded me; but I had sufficient presence of mind to look quite unconscious, and his better part of man prevailed. I have read, in some forgotten German author or another, an essay upon the Demoniacal Element in the human mind. I am afraid that, in high-toned spirits, there is always a liberal infusion of what my author would have considered this principle, ready to be called forth by causes more slight than those which were pressing upon my friend. In him it began to be strongly developed. He was now near the close of his first year of married life, occupying a conspicuous place in society, without anything like adequate professional employment; at the end of his narrow means, and involved in the most harassing kind of debts—not, indeed, what the world would term very large in amount, but more torturing in their consequences than if the hundreds had been thousands. His original error had been the acceptance, or rather the occupation of the mansion with which Lord Tilsit had dowered his wife, as a home to her whole family. But, perhaps, it was too much to expect that Frankland, in the honeymoon, spent, as the newspapers echoed for a month, "at Coombe Abbey, the delightful seat of Lord Tilsit, in Devonshire," could tell his Helena, that the town residence now belonging to her, of which she prattled with affec-

tionate gaiety, as *our house, our new home*, where life was to open in joy, and flow on in endless felicity,

And all go merry as a wedding bell—

was not a fit dwelling for them; that their safe, humble home must be selected among those of her husband's rank and professional standing; and that years on years must revolve, and find her at a distance from the privileged localities where Helena doubted not that she was to reign.

Like too many men of liberal feelings and noble natures, Frankland was not one of nice calculation. Of money he never had possessed much, and what he had, passed through his fingers like counters, with no check, save that high integrity which had hitherto limited his wants, so as to ensure the avoidance of those pecuniary meannesses, which to a man of his temper, would have been unendurable.

The impropriety and imprudence of establishing himself in Berkeley Square, had certainly crossed Frankland's mind; but his new female relatives expatiated so *prudently* upon the advantages of what they called "starting well," and the indelicacy of not appropriating, and yet making profit of Lord Tilsit's magnificent marriage gift of the house, that I suppose no decided opposition was made to the scheme which was to keep their "sweet Helena out of some low quarter where nobody would visit her." Before Frankland was well aware of what he was about, he therefore found himself established in a splendid residence, completely furnished, and yet wanting many things; without a shilling of income, save the precarious gains of his pen and his profession, and the main dependence of a set of women whom I cannot call of extravagant habits, considering that they had been fostered in luxury not the less craving and insatiate in its demands that it had often been meanly, if not furtively, indulged. It was their notions that were false and perverted—their whole scheme and scale of life that was radically overcharged and evil; for, I believe, its details were, in many points, managed by Miss Caroline Vane, with vigilance and economy which bordered upon meanness.

It is worthy of notice, that, while persons of the middle class were exclaiming against the extravagance of the Franklands, the order of serving-men and maids were railing at the shabbiness and stinginess of "the people in Lord Tilsit's house," where the poor servants never saw wine, and were stinted of their beef and beer. Want of economy—if by economy we mean making the most out of a given income—is, after all, not the prevailing fault of the age. The error lies in the construction of the scale—in the endless number of the wants to be supplied:—that dangerous error, which ties down and narrows the mind to a wretched and paltry system of perpetual pinching and farthing calculation, the object of which is not prudent saving to gain money or ease of mind, but to attain the power of ostentatious expense in some other direction of vanity or imaginary necessity.

Involved and struggling on in this pernicious system, from my soul I pitied a man with the feelings of Frankland, even when I blamed him the most. Distinguished above his fellows by force of intellect, his volition, like that of nine tenths of all mankind, was, to his understanding, as a dwarf to a giant. With the clearest perception of moral

rectitude, the warmest admiration of the free, the manly, and the independent in thought and action, he wanted strength of will to cleave to that principle which is the foundation-stone of all those virtues—that principle, without which Marvel had, perhaps, been a court parasite, and Milton a hireling churchman.

Why do we not at once remove the standard of the truly noble in character from the mind's capacities of thought, to its power of resolution and fortitude in action or in resistance? Why not at once dethrone the proud usurper, intellect, and instal virtue in what ought to be her own high place? Why not proclaim goodness as the supreme on earth, and genius as not more than her noblest minister?—The indulgence, the tender charity, with which it is thought graceful to judge the errors and vices of men of genius and of distinguished ability, are they not treason against the best interests of man? But leaving this grand moral revolution—which might place a gray-haired peasant above a court preacher; and a poor artisan, who, under the temptation of a bribe at a borough election, disdained to betray his country or belie his conscience, above a Burke—I must return to my friend.

Alas! that he also should have afforded so remarkable an instance of the moral frailty which the world has so often had to lament in its master minds—the minds, whose scope of thought and of imagination seems too often only to widen the range of trial and temptation, while it communicates no corresponding power of resistance!

The facilities of credit which London affords to the thoughtless might have been pleaded as excuse for Helena, but not for the carelessness of Frankland. Exhibiting a specious exterior, and connected with a powerful family, credit, the bane of so many persons setting out in life, had been pressed upon the young couple by their different tradesmen. Milliners, jewellers, perfumers, music-sellers, confectioners, mercers, upholsterers, and an attendant host, besides the more humble butcher and grocer, competed for the custom of the celebrated barrister, who had married the niece of Lord Tilsit, and lived in a house whence each had drawn so much good money. The servile eagerness, the absolute fatuity, with which many London tradesmen offer credit, almost deserves the punishment it so often brings. The self-complacency, the good-natured vanity of Helena, were gratified in obliging those most obliging, assiduous, respectful people, who, having had "the honor of supplying Lord Tilsit's family," so earnestly solicited her orders. It was a pleasant and matronly pastime, to drive out with her mother or her sisters, after a long luxurious morning of music, and gratify those kind creatures by ordering quantities of the pretty things with which they tempted her. She had also got the very common idea that married women are, in right of their condition, entitled to elegancies and indulgences denied to spinsters, unless the costly articles are presented to the young ladies by their family or friends. On this notion she acted generously, both to herself and her sisters, abetted by the praises of her weak and doating mother, and unchecked, save by the remonstrances of her elder sister—a worldly-minded woman, of mean and perverted principles, but of shrewd sense—who soon perceived, that, upon this system, the family must hurry to the end of the game, long before any of them had obtained time to play the advan-

tageous part her ambition had forecasted. This clever woman, in her progresses, during ten years, among great houses, had learned the great world well. She was also, I believe, affectionately attached to her younger sister, and proud of the talents of her new brother, which were, in her calculations, the means to an end. The abilities and reputation of the husband were already of more consequence with Lord Tilsit, than the beauty and fascinations of the wife, though she was an acknowledged favorite with her noble relative. It was, therefore, clear to Miss Vane, that the worldly prosperity of the whole family depended upon the use Frankland made of his powers; and, in her whole life, the idea of success had never once occurred to her, unconnected with *patrons* and *family interest*.

But Frankland required delicate management. Something might be made of his passionate mind by irritation—nothing by flattery. The senseless insults and mortifying suspicions, to which his equivocal situation and quick feelings gave point, and the tears into which she could at any time throw Helena, by scornfully pointing to these slanders in the newspapers, were more powerful auxiliaries to Caroline, in alienating her "brother," as she affected to call him, from the perils of unthriving liberalism, than all her address. It appeared her study, to find out whatever could be twisted into an insinuation against him, whether in speech or print, if proceeding from what she pretended to consider his party; and to dwell with exultation upon the more just and generous appreciation which his political opponents made of his qualities. And Helena's triumph in the praise, and wet-eyed indignation at the blame, were ever the ready medium to convey the desired impression to the mind of her husband, which had first been adroitly given to herself. Miss Vane would, for example, take occasion, in the hearing of Frankland, to assure me, that "she despised this vulgar malice, as much as her brother could do, for his soul; but that *our* Radical friends ought to have some mercy upon female feelings. Did they suppose that wives and sisters were stocks and stones? To a creature of such quick sensibility as Helena, and devoted, as she was, to her husband—living but in him—these insinuations against his honor were absolutely murderous. And directed against such a man! To what splendid account might his talents and eloquence be turned! How mortifying to see him so neglected—his faculties running to waste, and with so lovely and gifted a creature—and soon, probably, other dear and helpless beings depending upon his prospects, which she was sorry to find so very, *very* far from satisfactory." And now the whole truth came out—"If he had *her* spirits, he would make himself of consequence to one party or another."

This was first plainly said one morning that I called by the particular request of Frankland, who had sent me a note, saying he wished to see me on a business in which I could be useful to him. The hope of being of use or comfort to Frankland, grieved and angry as I was alternately made by the reckless course he was pursuing, was motive enough with me to any exertion of friendship. My resentment at this ill-judging scheme of life, strong when I saw him not, could never, for five minutes, stand against his bland smile and the witchery of his conversation.

On my way to Berkeley Square, I met Jack Greene with a face of remarkable extension and

gravity. For the last six months, he had almost lived in Frankland's house, enchanted with everything around him, and in love with all the three ladies at once. When informed whither I was going, he requested leave to walk with me part of the way; and began—

"Great favorite as you are with Mrs. Frankland and the young ladies, I think you don't so often visit Frankland as when he was a bachelor, Mr. Richard."

"I may have been fearful that the excessive kindness and blandishments of so many charming women would turn my head and make a fool of me:—I never could resist pleasant female flatteries," was my pragmatical reply.

"There is certainly no house in London so attractive—save for one consideration."—He hesitated.

"That there is an execution in it! Is that what you mean!—Or, is the thing so wonderful!—has there been only one?"

"You always delighted in a startling manner, Mr. Richard. I did not mean that distressing affair—immediately: it is, I fear, one of the natural consequences—one of the concomitants of a course of—of—"

"Shall I help you out—of improvidence, folly, infatuation—of the vanity of wives, and the mistaken indulgence of husbands. Oh, that the world's dread laugh—that hyena laugh!—should have power over a mind like Frankland's!"

"You would wrong me much, sir, if you suppose that I do not feel to the depth of my soul for our friend. What pity, that, with his liberal spirit, fortune has not done him more justice—or that his means are not more ample. But it is a bad affair—a serious affair for a married man. I once took the liberty of giving a hint to Frankland—by letter, for I durst not have spoken to him—of my plan, which, I have reason to know, the ladies approve—"

"And what did your conjoint wisdom propound? At least, I hope clever Caroline suggested that you should lend her no more money for their housekeeping. Why did you not say so to her long ago? Do you imagine your facility real friendship either to Frankland or his wife?"

"'T was, at least, so intended," returned the good-natured fellow, with an air of blended vexation and pique, which quite disarmed me; "and," he continued, in a more impressive tone, "to see Frankland and his charming wife so distressed, breaks my very heart—but what more can I do?"

"Nothing—probably you have done too much already, when one considers to what it all tends."

"And yet for Frankland!—You do not guess half what I owe him. Last year, he rescued me from being plundered and degraded by others: now, he has saved me from making a fool and a villain of myself—"

"Prevented you, perhaps, from marrying his sister-in-law, Harriet—from deeply injuring an innocent and virtuous girl, to whom you have long been engaged—and making yourself wretched for life. Yes, he is capable of the noblest actions!"—

"And you know it all! It has been a most perplexing affair. How cautious every unmarried man ought to be! I protest, before Heaven! nothing was farther from my intention than making this unhappy, though, to me, most flattering impression, upon a beautiful and too susceptible girl."

I almost laughed aloud.

"If half my fortune could atone to her feelings for this cruel mistake—"

"The half is very good, but the whole would be better. Miss Harriet went for the whole hog—depend on it:—but how has Frankland crossed her true love!—He is still himself, and, with all his faults, a glorious being."

I was already aware, from different sources, that the whole Vane family would have winked hard at a runaway match between Harriet and "Dorsetshire Laura's lover." Even Mrs. Frankland, who perfectly understood the nature of his engagements, thought it "more eligible, that poor Jack Greene, one of their own set, whom they all liked so much, should marry Harriet, since he admired her so excessively, and she had so warm a prepossession for him, rather than the low person with whom he had had some boyish entanglement, before he succeeded to the fortune, which ought quite to alter and raise his views in life. Frankland had hurt her cruelly, by ill-judged interference with the young people, who, surely, could best manage their affairs themselves."

All the women concerned, as if by intuition, had, at first, felt the necessity of concealing this affair from Frankland. Miss Caroline even acted so dexterously, as to leave him in doubt to the last whether she had not disapproved of Harriet's passion and Greene's idiotic involvement in the foolish predicament of being in love with four women at once, and about to marry the one he probably liked the least.

The manner in which Frankland terminated the affair was quite characteristic. Apprized of what was impending, he ordered Timothy to show Mr. Greene into his private room when he next visited the ladies; for Frankland was now so closely engaged with his pen, as seldom to join them till dinner-time. Greene informed me that, when he was announced, Frankland pointed to him to sit down, and was silent until he had finished his page, or his letter. As he folded his paper, he said, "I have been so busy in playing the fool myself, Jack, that I have had no leisure to attend to your motions. They tell me you are in love with my wife and her two sisters—perhaps with her mother also, who is still a very pretty woman:—all that, however, is of small consequence; but the thing looks serious when marriage is talked of."

"You shall not marry Harriet Vane. Do you hear me! I, your friend, say so; and you may now go up stairs and tell the ladies as much; or let me do it for you, which will be wiser.—You marvel at this high tone from a man who owes you so much money; but I know you much better than you do yourself. You imagine yourself in love—and so, I hope, you still are—with Martha Ashford. Go down to Dorsetshire, and you will discover it. Try if that true-hearted sensible girl will still accept of you. But tell her first how your friend Frankland has plundered you, though he would not permit you to marry his wife's sister. As soon as you are married, come back here, if you are of the mind, and I shall then give you leave to be in love with my wife's sisters as much and as long as you please."

Greene, half-frightened by the peremptory mandate, was, nevertheless, secretly pleased, I believe, at this energetic cutting of the Gordian knot of the silken cord so skilfully coiled around him. He protested his honor, his innocence, his unappeas-

able regret, for having been the unconscious means of disturbing the serenity of a lovely woman, whom, though he admired excessively—who could avoid that!—with his engagement and early attachment, he could not hope to render so happy as she deserved to be. But how was it to be broken to her?

"Leave that to me," Frankland had replied. "Since one woman, at least, must die for your love, Jack, 'tis heroic in me to say, it shall be my own sister-in-law whom I doom to the sacrifice. And now, I advise you to be off: this house is no proper place for you."

The advice had been acted upon; and Greene confessed to me how much he felt relieved by his friend's decision, and how sincerely he hoped Miss Harriet would soon forget him. His vanity, I perceived, could have accepted of a trifle of love-lornness.

I was not very uneasy on the score of Miss Harriet's woe, although, when I was shown into the back drawing-room, I found all the ladies of the family assembled save Harriet, who had "a bad headache." Mrs. Frankland and her mother were seated on the same couch. I believe they had both been crying. In the appearance of the former there was a painful change visible to me.

Helena was apparently near the term of her confinement; dispirited and languid; and not so carefully and expensively attired as it was her delight to be. A look of repining, amounting almost to the expression of discontent, had taken possession of her lovely, placid features. Her tones were drawling and querulous; and I fancied her, for the first time, very like her mother; yet I could not regard her without deep interest. The conversation which I have noticed above, took place. Caroline was the oracle of her family; and when she talked of the use to which Frankland might apply his powers if he were placed in a more favorable position, Helena began to suspect that her husband knew less of the necessary science of "getting on in life" than her accomplished sister, or even than herself.

"Have you seen Mr. Frankland lately?" she languidly asked of me. I had not. "Then I fear you will find him looking wretchedly ill. He has sold his horse, and takes no exercise."

"The fag of business and the fatigues of fashionable life united, will tell, even in a single season: one is enough—but both are the deuce."

"Mental anxiety, too," added Caroline, gravely.

"He wants change of air almost as much as Dr. Coddler says mamma and I do," said the wife, peevishly. "Everybody, at this season, goes a month or two somewhere, on the coast—to Brighton, or anywhere."

"Hush, Helena!" said her sister. "Poor Helena is nervous this morning."

"It is unfortunate, when professional men marry before they have ascertained their prospects," said their mother, in a tone that piqued me.

"It is, ma'am.—Your son-in-law knew better: his prospects were well ascertained, hopeful—nay, brilliant."

"Would to Heaven, that, for the sake of my dear child, I could believe you, sir," returned the old lady, almost sobbing with anger; and Helena fairly burst into tears.

"He needed but fair play, time, and ease of mind, to rise to the head of his profession," I said, warmly; "but a lawyer, of all men, requires

a free and disengaged mind. To leave the burden of both the home and the foreign departments upon him, with inadequate ways and means to boot, is somewhat like overtaking."

"No young people could have started with such advantages," whined the old lady; "my daughter, so caressed by everybody—always so great a favorite in the best society. A handsome house in so good a part of London, without costing him one sixpence, and the countenance of Lord Tilsit and his friends, must have made any young man's fortune, if there were not something radically wrong—I cannot tell what, I am sure; but the consequences are painfully apparent in the face of my dear child. Helena, my love, had you not better lie down for an hour!—You will be out of voice as well as looks to-night."

"You, who are so prudent, will not be surprised at my mother's natural anxiety for those young people, Mr. Richard," whispered Caroline; "nor must you imagine that mamma undervalues Mr. Frankland;—far indeed from that!"

"With Frankland's splendid genius, and our good connexion and family interest, mamma considers it his own fault, however, that he does not more distinguish himself," said Helena. "Mr. Rigby and every one says so. You know how much it has been our ambition that Mr. Frankland should make a figure in life."—"And then," I mentally added, "his beautiful wife might have money enough to purchase ornaments, give private concerts, and be generous to her relations, and kind, indeed, to every one around her, if it cost her no sacrifice or exertion of body or mind."

Pride in her husband's attainments and high character might have been an auxiliary to the unestablished virtues of this really amiable woman, had his qualities not been found thus early so utterly unproductive of the money power—of commanding those things she had been taught to consider the absolute necessities, as well as the chief enjoyments of life. Genius not convertible into the current coin of the realm, may be a fine thing enough for ladies to read of in a book; and, even to men of the world, may seem noble and venerable, looking back through the lapse of a century, or through the dim vista which shows the blind school-master, John Milton, seated at his organ in his mean, obscure dwelling; but, in actual contemporary life;—really Mrs. Vane "had no opinion of geniuses; those geniuses were always poor or struggling, and often, she was sorry to say, suspected of being tainted with infidel principles. Even since her daughter had married Frankland, Mr.—had got a silk gown; and, it was believed, the next move would carry him to the bench, or, at all events, make him Solicitor-General."

"The great drawback with Frankland is not being in parliament," cried Helena, raising herself with some vivacity. "A literary man, or a lawyer, people who know the world well, tell me, is nothing in society, until he gets into parliament. We all hoped he would make a great figure in public life. Did not you, sir?"

"He has made a great figure already, ma'am."

"So great," cried the politic Caroline, "that it quickens one's ambition for him."

"And he might have been in parliament before this time," continued Helena, her color rising, "but for some extravagant ideas which obstruct —"

"Hush, dear love!" interrupted Caroline: "you

agitate yourself too much. Do, mamma, make Helena lie down. The truth is, we all have a prodigious ambition for Mr. Frankland: an only brother, and the sole gentleman among so many ladies, is, no doubt, a person of vast consequence to us; yet I revere his scruples—though air is not more free than Frankland would have been, representing the borough of Trimmington."

"Save on a very few points, really of no manner of consequence that I can perceive, and rather understood than expressed," added Helena. "Indeed, Mr. Richard, so true a friend as you must persuade Frankland. I am certain he has the highest respect for your judgment, which would go very far to influence him."

"I should rejoice to see Mr. Frankland in parliament, as I am certain no man is better able to do his country good service there."—

"I was sure of it!" cried Helena. "Then we must make a joint set upon him. Greene has pleaded till he is tired."

"Hear me out, ladies:—Provided he come into the house of commons with those principles and views which have hitherto guided his political life, and on which alone he can now act with honor to himself and usefulness to the country."

Mrs. Frankland sunk silently back in her couch, with a look of haughty chagrin; and her mother, I suppose, suspended her projected hospitable order for refreshments, as she took her hand from the bell.

"This is all misconception, Helena," said Caroline, eagerly; "depend on it, you and Mr. Richard are at one in your views for Frankland. Give him time for reflection. And I must not have you say one word to him, sir, on this subject; he may fancy we women have been attempting to get you to join our conspiracy; and you know the gentleman we have to deal with."

Visitors were announced in the front drawing-room; and Caroline, evidently wishing me off, was, however, compelled to leave the field free to me, enjoining Helena, soothingly and emphatically, to keep quiet, and not to agitate herself—to have a little patience and all would be well; it was all misunderstanding.

Mrs. Frankland and her mother were simple women compared with the retreating lady, whose faculties had been developed by so early and extensive an intercourse with the great world. Bit by bit, their several grievances were revealed to me, in anger, in sorrow, or in involuntary bursts of weak confidence. Helena's lingering pride in her husband, and the greater delicacy of her youthful mind, acted as a restraint; and she sometimes endeavored to check her mother, who volubly poured forth a catalogue of female grievances and wrongs, all chargeable upon Frankland's poverty, or, perhaps, his integrity, though indirectly laid to his temper and parsimonious habits. Such charges would have astounded himself. The old lady, who stood in considerable awe of her son-in-law when he was present, seemed absolutely to rejoice in an opportunity of railing at him to his friend and before his wife; feebly opposed by Helena's—"Oh, mamma! Stay, mother!—Mamma's extreme tenderness for unworthy *me* makes her almost unjust to my husband. It is all the fault of his position—indeed it is, mother!"

I resolved to hear them out, and to learn how unjust and contemptible it was possible for women to be.

"And whose fault is that?" exclaimed Mrs.

Vane, with an inflamed face. "What keeps him hanging on in this wretched way, which makes you so miserable! He is in debt to everybody. An execution at this moment in his house—"

"Hush, mamma! for Heaven's sake! Why expose these matters—even to a friend?"

"I will not hush, Helena!—let Mr. Frankland's friends, let all the world know the condition to which he has brought my child:—without the merest necessities—destitute of every comfort required by her delicate condition."

Was it the chosen wife of Frankland that was thus situated! Helena's tears accompanied the woful statement in profuse floods. She reclined on her mother's neck, dissolved in tender pity for her beautiful self and her unmerited conjugal afflictions, when Timothy announced a young woman, from a cheap baby-linen warehouse in the city, with things ordered on the previous day. The mere announcement acted as a counter-charm with both ladies; and, though Helena at first peevishly refused to look at the things, or to admit the girl, her mother's curiosity prevailed.

I now expressed my belief that Frankland had forgotten me, and would have left the ladies to their consultation, had not Helena, whose good-humor partly returned at the sight of so many pretty articles of dress for ladies and babies, entreated me to remain as a known critic in work and lace, and a nice chamber counsel. Grief was now forgotten in admiration. Everything was beautiful! some few articles were exquisite!—but the perfection of all, was a suit of baby-linen, the exact counter-part, in pattern and quality, of one Mrs. Vane had seen with Lady Amen's youngest daughter, who had married the city-banker, and so—enviable woman!—had whatever she wished for, like the lady in a fairy tale. I remarked that, while Helena was so far under the influence of new and delightful feelings as to look with the fondest longing upon the baby robes and little caps, the old lady cast her warmest regards upon the laced muslin wrapping gowns, and such lady caps as would ornament *her* child; on whom she fitted and tried them, exactly as a little girl may with her doll; quite happy, apparently, and entirely forgetful of debts, executions, and the character she had attributed to her son-in-law. I was divided between pity and contempt for beings so frivolous; yet it was impossible to resist some degree of sympathy with their evident admiration and enjoyment, as they tumbled over the goods, coveting everything, then selecting, and then dismissing the girl, to prudently calculate the cost—a necessary precaution now that Frankland was become "so stingy."

The affair was ultimately concluded by the mother, who purchased to the amount of some £40 or £50, of things which I took the liberty of thinking very trash, including a couple of caps, which Helena insisted upon keeping for mamma, appealing to me if they were not exceedingly becoming to that worthy lady. Mrs. Vane certainly declined them: but, in the strife of affectionate generosity, yielded to the daughter; who declared, that, if mamma refused them, she would have none of those other "mere necessities" to the wife of a man plunged in debt and difficulty, and struggling for the very means of daily bread. I am ashamed to mention the wretched trifles in which these unthinking women showed their power to involve, and so far to dishonor, the man whom the one loved and the other feared.

The mother carefully arranged the new purchases, while a packet of music was brought for Helena, which placed her amiable weaknesses, at least, in a more captivating light. She had viewed "the mere necessities" with eager pleasure, and the desire to appropriate them; but in the music of the new opera, a selection from which was to be performed by herself and her friends, that night, in her own house, there was inspiration that instantly kindled her passion for her art; and, animated and beautiful, and full of a rapturous enjoyment, forgetful of everything around her, she played and sang for an hour and a half, sometimes calling on us to admire—and her mother's *bravas* never failed—and once or twice charming me, by exclaiming, involuntarily—"How I wish James were here!—this passage is for him!"

But he came not. He had surely forgotten that I was in the house, by his own desire, and waiting his leisure. I took the liberty of sending Timothy to bring me to his recollection.

"Frankland is become the most absent creature," said Helena, throwing herself into her couch, exhausted with her passionate musical fit. "Writing whole mornings—six and eight hours on end—taking no proper exercise, and shunning society. You must pardon mamma, though," she whispered: "she does not quite understand Mr. Frankland; and mothers are apt to be exacting—for *pet* daughters, you know. Caroline has much more sense than all of us together; and, from the hour I married, she has been constantly saying, that Frankland *must get into Parliament*. I assure you, Mr. Richard, I shall consider no man my husband's friend, or the friend of his family, who says otherwise." This was said with energy quite unexpected in Helena. I bowed.

"We are to have some charming people here to-night—and *one*, particularly, who, though a foreigner, Caroline thinks may be useful to Mr. Frankland. I hope, in mercy, I shall be in voice. Do you think I am in voice to day, mamma? I did improve in my last air—"

"In beautiful voice, my love: but you must lie down."

"You may fancy us rather gay for this particular time," observed the prudent old lady; "but, as Mr. Frankland, from some crotchet, has positively forbid his wife to sing at other people's houses for the last month—even at Lord Tilsit's—we can neither lock our doors against those who are dying to hear her sing, nor debar Helena from the only pleasure left her—that of giving pleasure to her friends by her talent."

"The only pleasure left the wife of Frankland!" I shrugged my shoulders. "Her life should be all pleasure."

"My good sir, what are you dreaming of?"

"Of a new earth, madam."

"It cannot, indeed, be this one, in which poor women's trials are appointed," returned the old lady, smartly.

"Mamma is thinking now of Harriet," said Helena. "Mr. Frankland gave us all so terrible a jobation the other day, for allowing that good, silly, generous creature, Jack Greene, to fall in love with my second sister."

"It was too bad," cried the old lady, reddening with sudden passion—"too, too bad—indicate and improper, and entirely out of the line of Mr. Frankland's duty to my family. Is it not enough that he has ruined one daughter, without blasting the prospects of another?"

"Don't say so for me, dear mamma," returned the daughter, about, however, to give way to tears. "But it was inconsiderate, indeed—cruel to me, was it not?—to break off a match which my mother approved, and on which my sister and Mr. Greene had set their hearts?"

"Oh, Mr. Richard Taylor!" whined the old lady, her handkerchief at her eyes, "conceive the situation in which Mr. Frankland's high peremptory temper has placed me! One unhappy child in the interesting condition of dear Helena, and with such dark and melancholy prospects! another dear girl wounded in her tenderest hopes."

"Mr. Greene's house in the country would always have been a pleasant retreat for mamma," chimed in Helena, "while Caroline is with friends, whatever should become of wretched me." It was ever *me* with these ladies, when driven off their guard. I struggled to keep down my indignation. Many good women, of "a certain condition," are apt to be *scoundrels* in matrimonial concerns:—scoundrels, if not so young as to be only fools. In this focus is concentrated the whole *scoundrelism* which the other sex divide and diffuse through all the avenues to fortune. For them there are the sword, the pen, the bar, the bench, the camp, the church, the desk, the counter: the ten thousand paths of success are ever open—while the poor women are bound to the horns of the altar. And this melancholy consideration has always made me judge of their lax matrimonial principles and equivocal projects with indulgence, save when they go the length of downright cheating or swindling. I am, at least, charitable where there is genteel necessity to plead on the one hand, and wealthy temptation upon the other. This, to be sure, of Greene's was rather an aggravated case, as there was a positive engagement well understood; but, as Mrs. Vane said, "Dear, prudent Harriet had been willing to overlook Greene's foolish entanglement, though very strict in her ideas; and it was a maxim with herself that no young lady had any concern with the *liaisons* a gentleman might have formed before he proposed for her. It was, indeed, extremely indelicate. Harriet would have been no daughter of hers if she could have endured those explanations about the Dorsetshire young person, which Mr. Frankland took pains to give her, but which she declined to hear.—And now my daughter vows she will never again speak to Mr. Frankland; and I cannot condemn her."

The disgust I felt for the mother was fast spreading to the daughter, already hopelessly tainted by her vanity and her worse meanness of disposition; and yet, so strangely are good and ill blended, that I was touched by the lively affection, the fond admiration, (the love of instinct and of habit,) which they felt for each other, displayed in soothing and *coddling*, in caresses and flatteries. There might, with great mutual blindness, be an alloy of selfishness in this affection—it might have been found incapable of any heroic sacrifice: but its warmth and sincerity were beyond all doubt.

The time was wearing so rapidly away—its flight unmarked by Helena, who, after her rest, was again absorbed in rehearsing her music, and making experiment of her voice—that I was about to leave the house without seeing my friend, when Timothy returned to announce that his master would receive me immediately; and, in virtue of our old ties, Tim whispered, "Massa Printer's debil boder Massa all dis morning."

I was aware of something like this, and also that Frankland was every day rendered more unfit, by his habits of life and distraction of mind, for the trifling business that now waited his acceptance. Often had he attended in the courts upon the mornings following one of his own and his wife's late parties, nearly without employment, and with, I am sure, an aching head, and foreboding heart; sorrowing or maddening over the headlong course, circumstanced as he was, he wanted force of character to arrest. At length, he came to be distracted by the most vulgar exigencies of the passing day; finding the literary labors of his long morning—those stimulating and exhausting toils, consuming to a mind at ease, and to him, at this time, murderous—insufficient to meet the wants of the night.

Frankland was doing himself injustice in every way—writing in haste, and far below himself, impelled by the same necessity which sets to work the veriest industrious Grub street scribbler, whom the aristocracy of literature—that most arrogant and senseless of all aristocracies—ridicules and despises. The spur of his lofty mind was as surely the ignoble one of immediate pecuniary emergency. Papers, the fruits of long labor, and others, the bright transcripts of his mind in happier times, now found their hurried way to the journals. Portions of the long projected work—that History of English Literature upon which he was to rest his reputation among men of letters, and with posterity—were detached from the main body of the MS. wherever it could best bear mutilation, and disposed of, in such instalments, like inferior wares, by this spendthrift of his own wits. The fruits of future projected labors were forestalled; his genius was mortgaged to the publishers; and, what was worse, such mortgages were not always redeemed. I had even heard of him borrowing, or, more properly, trying to borrow, small sums of former friends. It is wonderful how such things creep abroad, even in the bustle of London society; and, need I say, with what degrading and blighting effect? I remarked, that those especially who refused to comply with the humiliating request, were the most certain to vindicate their own prudence and better conduct, by its gratuitous exposure. In one point alone, Frankland, up to this moment, stood clear:—in spite of the many insinuations, sarcasms, and slanders, thrown out against him by the liberal press, as it called itself, he had not yet done one act, written one sentence, which could make his friends blush or his enemies triumph. But, alas, how true is it, that, in a downward course, like Frankland's, there is than "the lowest deep a lower deep," into which the struggling man may be precipitated before he is aware of his danger.

It was close upon the dinner hour before the tasked author had been able to accomplish his business; and I was shown to a chamber near the top of the house, where sat the spectre of my former friend. He pressed my hand in silence.

Another man might have apologized and talked "about and about;" but this was not Frankland's temper: his silence was moody and gloomy for several moments, and then he abruptly said, "You have seen Helena—seen her, how miserably changed from the bright creature you beheld last year! You may guess one cause of my misery—God forbid, that any man should be able to imagine all its extent! But this is idle talk."

He pulled out a drawer, took from it a roll of

written papers, and, with a forced and ghastly smile, continued—"I have been at work here, you perceive; and you must, to-night yet, if possible, dispose of the fruits of my labor." The story of Johnson composing 'Rasselas,' at the rate of forty pages a-day, in order to bury his mother, is pathetic enough, no doubt; but we have got beyond all that. Johnson was a poor rogue then—a hackney scribbler; much at his ease, in a mean lodging, working for only bread and cheese, with beer to it. These, sir, are the compositions, in prose and verse, of the celebrated Mr. Frankland, who occupies a splendid house in a square—whose beautiful wife is the idol of the fashionable world—whose musical parties have been the most attractive in London. Tell your chapman all this: the tale will prove attractive—he will get up an advertisement from it, for the morning papers. And you may heighten the pathos, by adding, that this romance was written by Frankland, even more rapidly than the 'Prince of Abyssinia,' to meet, not the necessary expenses of a mother's burial, but of a wife's —"

The reckless, enforced courage of despair could stretch no farther. He started up, and walked hurriedly across the room, his hand shading his eyes; nor did I dare to address him.

"This is desperate work," he said, seating himself again—"extreme folly. But, somehow, the tone of your voice unmanned me. You comprehend what I exact of your friendship. The sooner I obtain the money the better. Poor Helena relies upon my promise of this morning, to get her money for her occasions. The necessity is extreme; and that execution prevents me from raising even one guinea, though upon my remaining books."

The worst remained to be said; and the haughty spirit struggled and writhed before utterance was given to the caution not to carry the manuscripts to two different publishers named. "They have advanced me small sums. I am in arrear with them. You are aware of the notions of tradesmen; and the purpose of the price of this volume is sacred and urgent. I shall soon make up to them."

I struggled to suppress the commiserating groan which might have offended the pride of my friend, and, with few words, accepted the office. Without going home to dinner, I set about my task. Despatch, and an advantageous or fair bargain, were incompatible. I was not at liberty to use Frankland's name, and my own was not of the kind which passes current with booksellers as a voucher. In happy time, it struck me to employ the agency and influence of Mr. Rigby, with whom I was now slightly acquainted, from having met him once or twice at Mrs. Frankland's parties; and I left the MS. at his house, with an explanatory note. Next morning, I received an answer, expressive of the highest admiration of the work, which had "enchained" Mr. Rigby to his library chair till three in the morning, and requesting an interview.

I had no doubt whatever that the real author was perfectly well known to the Aristarch. He carried me and my papers, in his own carriage, to the great publisher, who requested that he should dictate the terms. They were liberal, almost to excess, as I fancied; though my conscious ignorance, or perhaps avarice for Frankland, kept me silent. Before two o'clock, I treated myself with a cab to Berkeley Square, charged with bills and

cash, amounting to a full third of the price which the newspapers, about a month afterwards, stated to have been given for the wonderful forthcoming work, which was to astonish the fashionable and political world.

One might have imagined, that the relief, the actual joy, which this sum carried into this distressed household—from the master, who could with difficulty conceal his emotion, to Timothy, who instinctively knew and participated in the general satisfaction—one might have been assured, that, though frugality and self-denial, which require long and painful lessons, might not all at once have been taught, yet that great caution would, at this time, have been used in disbursement. It was not money alone that was to be saved here; by the timely exercise of those homely virtues; it was integrity, peace of mind, future well-being, independence in public, and honor in private life.

In the mean while, Helena, imagining, I suppose, that my looks, or the extravagance of the cab, boded good, had followed me up stairs to her husband's temporary study; paler than ever, from the exhausting musical vigil of the last night, and wrapt in the invalid shawl which alternated with naked shoulders. I could with difficulty keep down the quick feeling of disgust with which I saw the eager look, the joyful flush with which this beautiful creature regarded the money I had spread upon the table. I hope Frankland was not so quick-sighted. Her joy brimmed over upon me; and then she descended to give her mother the intelligence, which might improve that lady's opinion of genius and of her son-in-law, at least for a few days.

When we had talked about ten minutes longer, a note came up to Frankland from Caroline, suggesting that the execution might instantly be taken off the carriage. Mrs. Frankland's health required air and exercise; but her mother's matronly experience had refused, for the last month, to intrust her, either to her legs in the square, or to the worse calamity of being seen in a hackney coach.

The carriage was set free as soon as possible; the most urgent debts were paid; more purchases were made of "merest necessities;" a sum was laid aside to repay the advances of the booksellers and private loans: and many prudent acts were projected, before I took leave.

When I next called, I found that Mr. and Mrs. Frankland, with Mrs. Vane, had gone to Brighton! and, in a fortnight or less, the newspapers announced that the beautiful Mrs. Frankland, after assisting at a private concert at the Pavilion, where the Russian and Austrian ambassadors, with their ladies, and many of the nobility, were present, was sent home suddenly in one of the royal carriages, and prematurely, but safely delivered of a daughter! Helena was destined to create sensations in the great world. Princesses left their cards at her lodgings; duchesses sent baby-linen and caudle cups, to supply the store of "merest necessities" left behind in Berkeley Square; and one of the *elite* requested to stand god-mother to the infant Georgina.

The old lady was in ecstasy: Lord Tilsit sent down compliments and corals; and Frankland, drinking in joy from the soft eyes of his wife, or bending in unutterable tenderness over his child, forgot the past, and strove to shut his eyes to the future. He now made himself believe that it was

cruelty, in the present condition of his wife, to distress her with the details of our plan of letting the Berkeley Square house, laying aside, for the present, Jack Greene's inauspicious gift of the carriage, and being contented with love, and, if not a cottage, yet a very small house, which there was, at least, a fair chance that the exertions of Frankland might maintain in comfort and honor, or, at all events, in respectable—and, therefore, with all the wise and the good—*respected* poverty.

With what dignified philosophy, with what elevated sentiment, was this scheme discussed, in the letters which he wrote me from his wife's chamber, during her confinement! It is so easy to philosophize on paper—ay, and to moralize. Yet the fashionable eclat of the moment, and his latent ambition, were not sufficient to wean him from the sober plan of which his natural dignity of mind, and the recollection of former agonies, made him more and more tenacious. He employed me to look for the kind of house that would suit him; and informed me that he would be in town in the following week, to prepare for the reception of Helena, before he made her aware of his purpose.

I was better pleased that he should negotiate with his wife and her mother at a distance from them. I advised him at once to cut-and-run from the world in which he was so inextricably involved; and, despising the cowardly continental retreats of gay spendthrifts, to fix himself at once where his duties and his future interests lay, whatever mortification false pride might temporarily receive.

If proof against the *sullens*, Frankland was only too susceptible to the influence of smiles and tears, and silent looks of gentle reproach and entreaty. He was also, I fully believe, already anxious to escape from thinking too closely of some obvious points in his wife's character, lest his judgment should have hurried him into the condemnation from which his yearning affection shrunk. He felt himself bankrupt in the means of rendering his wife happy; and this consciousness covered the multitude of her faults.

From Berkeley Square, immediately upon his arrival, Frankland wrote down to Brighton. His letters afterwards fell into my hands. I do not wish to screen him, nor to lessen his faults. He had been much to blame. To him judgment and foresight had been given in large measure. He knew the world much better than most men of his age, and far better than his young wife. He had none of her peculiar vanities or habits to contend against; and, before God and man, he held the right and the power to control her tastes, for their mutual comfort and benefit. He had failed in these first duties; and now he took the whole blame upon himself, of what was past and irredeemable; and, passionately appealing to her affection, to her feelings, as a wife and a mother, he implored her to make the best of their joint lot; and, in language which I thought far too strong, pathetically lamented the untoward fortune which made it needful that she should, for a time, live apart from those circles she was formed to enjoy and to grace.

Frankland waited the result of this letter with some anxiety, though he must have been far, indeed, from anticipating the blow which struck him to the earth. Helena did not reply to her husband herself. She was alleged to be so much affected by his communication as to be incapable

of holding a pen; but her sister Caroline performed the office of amanuensis in her best style of diplomacy, and Frankland, though with a great deal of circumlocution and verbiage, was distinctly informed, "That his wife and her family conceived it a duty which she owed to herself and her unfortunate infant, and even to her husband himself, rather than submit to his proposal, to resume the profession, in prosecuting which she had been interrupted by a marriage contracted with very different prospects from those it had been her fortune to see realized. The general interest and sympathy excited by the youth, beauty, and misfortunes of her unhappy sister, (though far was she from blaming any one, much less Mr. Frankland,) made it probable that her permanent advantage might not have suffered much by the delay which had made her known to a wider and even higher circle of patrons and admirers."

All that Frankland had ever encountered was, with his peculiar feelings, as dust in the balance compared to this. I could not, by any conjecture, divine what had befallen him, when, late at night, Timothy brought me a note, containing these few hardly legible words:—

"Once, when I supposed myself dying, I entreated you to come to me. I then felt that life was dear. I have lived to know that there are things in life that are dearer than life. They are dealing with me now." He did not even request my presence. I had fears for a duel or some dreadful catastrophe; for I knew that the war of impertinent paragraphs had again been renewed against the *Liberal* barrister, from the date of his wife having obtained the honor of an invitation to the Pavilion, whither, having reluctantly permitted her to go, he naturally and properly accompanied her. I set off for Berkeley Square.

One or two ugly, ill-omened visages met me in the vestibule; and I found a man seated in the same room with Frankland, but apart, whom I at once knew to be a bailiff. Was he under arrest?—He was sunk in stupor; but recovered himself so far on my appearance, as to desire the man to wait without the door, and to put Caroline Vane's letter, of four close pages, into my hand.

Heaven forgive me, if, at the first blush of the affair, my heart did bound lightly, as I whispered to myself, "A blest riddance—could he but think so: Frankland required something like this to rouse and restore him to himself." What folly to conclude of his feelings, by my own dispassionate, perhaps disparaging judgment of his wife! Fortunately, I had too much delicacy and respect for my friend, to say what I felt and thought of her, even when my indignation was at the height.

I returned him the letter.

"It is all hollow and false, as you perceive," he said bitterly; "but *she* cannot have ratified it; you know her facility, her gentle submissiveness, and the fatal power those women—her mother's fondness, and her sister's art—have over her resolutions."

"And may I crave to know your purpose?"

"Is it necessary to ask it?—To go down to Brighton—to take Helena's determination from no lips save her own—and if it be for this —" His color became livid, his eyes glared upon me for an instant, and he abruptly turned away.

"But you perceive in whose clutches I am," he added, on turning back: "arrested at the suit of

my wife's milliner. Madame Royet would have borne everything, save the affront of Mrs. Frankland taking her Pavilion dress, *on credit*, from a rival house."

This was said in a tone of bitter irony.

"Then, I presume, you cannot go down to Brighton until this arrest is withdrawn?"

"It needed not your quick wit to divine that," he replied, in a tone of haughty petulance, which I patiently endured—giving way to the impatient sallies of the chafed spirit. And, in a little while, he added, "Heaven forgive me! I seem to myself, for this last long year, as if struggling and tossing in some wild dream; but 'tis one from which I shall never awake to peace—*never!*—*never!*"

"Do not allow yourself to think thus gloomily. You will find Mrs. Frankland exactly what you wish to make her—get her but once away from her family. 'Tis but the intervention of a few more days." He was now walking slowly about the apartment, apparently insensible of my presence, with the fixed, abstracted gaze of a man whose whole thoughts are bent inward.

I could only guess the current of his thoughts, from hearing him murmur, in tones that thrilled me, those ever-memorable words—

"*Alone on my hearth—with my household gods shivering around me! Alone on my hearth!*—These words cling to my brain strangely to-night," he said, at last, "and I trifle away precious time. Their author once prophesied that temptation might make Frankland a scoundrel: but he, at least, honored me by thinking I should be the slave of a noble ambition—not the weak, pitiful creature of chance and circumstance; that, with a man's choice in my power, I should act the part of a man—ay, though haply a base one. What has my course been, that even my wife's mother claims the right to despise the falterer, the loiterer?"

This was not the mood in which a man may be reasoned with; and I forebore argument, and even consolation, limiting my efforts to enabling him to set off on his journey as speedily as possible. This was attended with considerable difficulty, and the arrangements were not completed until noon the next day. I was informed by Timothy that his master had not gone to bed, but continued either walking or writing all night; and, indeed, the night-guards Madame Royet had appointed him, were not of the kind that shed poppies around a man's couch. When we had got fairly rid of them, I took upon me to discharge the three female servants, and left Timothy in charge of the garrison until I should hear from Brighton.

I can only form an idea of the scenes which passed there, from the events that followed.

The real purpose of his wife's family must have been to force Frankland into their own terms, though it is probable that Helena was not privy to the design. In appearing as a public singer, she imagined herself the victim of overpowering necessity; which, however, was not without its consolations, in the flattering attention which it drew upon her, and the sympathy and admiration excited by what the few patrons, let into the secret, were pleased to rave about, as "The wonderful sacrifice, made by this gifted creature, to her maternal tenderness and filial devotion!"

How falsely are human actions often estimated! The consequences of Frankland's interview, or rapture with his wife, opened the whole female

world in full cry upon the monster! who had even threatened to deprive Mrs. Frankland of her infant, if she persisted in her heroic sacrifice. He was of the temper to hold this kind of censure in utter scorn; but the toils were around him, and tenderness effected what neither art nor hostility could have won.

Frankland had just returned to Berkeley Square, overwhelmed with sorrow—having first taken a long farewell of his wife—when he was followed by an express from Brighton, announcing her dangerous illness, and the necessity of his immediate return, if he wished to see her in life. She might have been, I dare say, seriously indisposed, though not in quite so perilous a condition as had been represented. Frankland, without removing his few effects from that fatal home he had resolved to abandon, lost not an hour in obeying the summons. Miss Caroline might, perhaps, by this time, have seen that she had finessed too far. Lord Tilsit had been apprized of the *fracas*, and of the intentions of his fair cousin; and his lordship appeased the angry and wounded feelings of Frankland by totally condemning what he called the wild, extravagant, and indecent plan, to which neither Mr. Frankland, nor any man of spirit, could or ought to submit; nor could he perceive the necessity urged. But, allowing it to exist, he still entirely approved of Mr. Frankland's determination. Pecuniary difficulties might be suffered and surmounted—but the stigma remaining from Helena's scheme, even admitting it to be, on trial, completely successful, would be indelible to her husband and her family. It was not for a moment to be thought of.

Helena could only shed showers of tears, lament her hard fate, and declare her willingness to submit to whatever decision her husband and his lordship thought best. The latter displayed not merely what the world would call good judgment, but delicacy, and high generosity, in mediating between husband and wife. Before negotiating at all, he insisted upon Helena returning to her home with her child, and leaving her mother, though the journey and cruel separation might be attended with some part of the awful consequences which Mrs. Vane, in the agony of her maternal apprehensions, predicted. This separation of families, in the case of the mother and Harriet, he suggested should be final, though it was not yet necessary to apprise Mrs. Frankland of the impending catastrophe. Lord Tilsit's plans were warmly seconded by Caroline. She was probably so far in his confidence, or rather had divined so much of what might be, as now to throw the whole weight of her influence into Frankland's scale.

Caroline accordingly came up to town to nurse her sister; and so manœuvred as to be able to write to me, before I had once seen my friend, "begging my congratulations on the felicitous adjustment of Mr. Frankland's numerous *disagreeables*. Lord Tilsit had acted more like a tender father than anything else to the young pair. He was the real author of the *solid* happiness, which already made No. — seem a second paradise. I would be rejoiced to learn that our long-cherished hopes for Frankland were about to be realized. Though averse to office, he had at length permitted himself to be nominated a candidate for Trimmington, and with every chance of success." I could not doubt it; and my heart shrivelled within me, as I learned the blasting truth, that the high-minded Frankland had been so completely

subdued to the level of his fortunes, as to enjoy temporary relief from that compromise with principle which might rescue him from the distracting pecuniary involvements of the last year, and which restored the bloom and cheerfulness of his wife, and the peace and brightness of his home.

It is sometimes unwise, if not *morally* unsafe, to investigate too nicely those subtleties and sophistries by which the acute conscience-smitten backslider strives to stifle his inward convictions, and fortify himself in wilful error; and especially so if the sinner is one so dear and still so valued as this man was by me.

I durst not trust myself to listen to Frankland's ingenious and seductive fallacies; though I was, perhaps, mistaken in fancying that his pride would have stooped to any kind of vindication or apology for his conduct. Besides this latter impression, I judged it best to leave him to himself. No accuser, I was assured, could rise up in condemnation, half so stern as that which lurked within his own breast. I, therefore, declined the repeated invitations which Mrs. Frankland, in all likelihood prompted by her politic sister, sent me; for an instinctive feeling intimated that my reproachful presence could not, at this time, be welcome to Frankland.

Of the notes which I received from him on trifling matters of business, connected with his book and other things, not one bore the slightest reference to his change of prospects.

The new member for Trimmington, the holder of a patent place, worth about £800 a-year, and called £1800 by some of the newspapers, bore his faculties bashfully, "though the place was one which cost the country nothing," his new friends averred; as Lord Tilsit had been so liberal as to resign it in Frankland's behalf: so it was quite a family arrangement.

It was not mentioned that the pluralist peer had been actually badgered and shamed out of this one office; and that, having no younger son, he disposed of it to the best advantage, by making it over to a near connexion, likely to become an able retainer. There was some recollection of a parliamentary commission having, long ago, recommended that particular place to be abolished; but the time was perhaps not yet come. And I began to question my own judgment when my brother, my sister Anne, and poor Jack Greene who would have admired Frankland in the galleys, and many other sensible and prudent friends—persons, in private life, of great worth and the strictest integrity—unhesitatingly congratulated me, on Frankland and his lovely wife obtaining so comfortable an addition to their income, by the generosity of their noble relative. "Nothing to what *they* may look for, no doubt; but a good beginning," said my brother James. "How kind and considerate!" cried the ladies, in one voice. It did them so much good even to hear of such things.

"Better a friend at the court than a penny in the purse," observed my sage Nurse Wilks, when Timothy, more sleek and glossy-sable than for many preceding months, came to gossip, in his broken English, of his master's good luck. Was I then strait-laced in my notions, and scrupulous overmuch? The liberal journals, which had fiercely assailed Frankland during the heat of the election, did not encourage those charitable doubts. Day by day, he was stigmatized as the mean de-

serter of his early principles, the base hireling of corrupt power. If such ribald and unscrupulous attacks had formerly maddened a mind supported by the proud consciousness of integrity, how was it now with the conscience-wounded man? His own heart sent up no voice of congratulation when all were rejoicing around him; and the compliments of his acquaintance must often have been felt as insult—the cold, shy, averted looks of old friends as intolerable cutting reproach.

Soon after his election, Frankland entirely deserted the courts—from being unable, I believe, to meet those oblique regards and covert sneers which tell the deeper that a man is not entitled to notice or resent them. The admiration which he met with in his clubs and in the circles of his new political associates, might, at first, have been some compensation for what, I dare say, he strove—and, I am certain, in vain—to think the injustice of his former party; but his high mind, wrenched from its original bias, never again found its own place. He had forfeited his own esteem; he had become the very being he had, from boyhood, despised. Whither were fled those noble aspirations—that generous ambition which had animated his youth? Though he might attain to the utmost summit of power, what he had been, must now forever remain recorded against him. He daily saw himself pictured in some of the prosperous persons around him, whose odious lineaments were not the less disgusting for the fancied resemblance.

Parliament opened. Frankland, had he wanted feeling as much as certain other distinguished renegades, possessed better taste than all at once to blazon his desertion of the national standard, and to glory in his shame. We have seen persons, who, with less necessity, have acted a worse part—as if impatient for the opportunity of a barefaced abandonment of their principles—as if fearful of being, for a few more days, suspected of cherishing some lingering regret.

There was great curiosity to see how Frankland was to shape his course and what flying bridge his ingenuity was to construct to carry the patriot decently over to the enemy's lines. Was he to feign excessive alarm—a very common pretext with apostates?—And whether was it to be, for the safety of the church, the monarchy, or which other of our venerable institutions? But night after night passed, and he gave merely a silent, sullen vote with the division to which he was, hand and foot, bound. Was he, then, to pocket his retaining fee, and do no more actual service than the most stolid vociferator of *Ay* or *No* in the House? Mrs. Frankland became impatient for her husband's maiden speech; his friends astonished at his silence; Lord Tilsit displeased by the failure of his reasonable expectations from the champion he had engaged. Frankland spoke, at last, in a frenzy-fit, stimulated to fury by the indecent, though indirect sarcasms levelled at him, in consequence of the wretched pittance lately granted to his sisters-in-law. The spell was now broken. What he considered an unprovoked attack produced fierce retort. His chafed spirit heated in the nightly struggle, the cheers of his stanch party-friends acted upon his excitable sympathies, and animated a contest, which, if not for right, was for glory and mastery. He soon felt his power, and learned to take a fierce joy in its abuse; unheeding of everything, so that, for the moment, he overwhelmed his ad-

versary by the bitterness of his invective and the blighting of his scorn. On several occasions, he made speeches which the newspapers of his party lauded to the skies, and which, also, drew forth the compliments of his rivals. But they were not exactly upon party questions; and it became a matter of dubiety among the Tory leaders, before the end of the session, if Frankland was, after all, a *safe* man. A useful or zealous partisan he had not yet proved himself, though he had received every kind of encouragement. His new friends feared that he was not what they termed a *practical* man. He often made admissions startling by their candor. He wandered into discussion of constitutional or of abstract principles; and though he might, sometimes, wisely abstain from their application, he had no talent to fashion his doctrines to the varying hour. In short, he made his political sponsors uneasy; even when holding to the ignoble condition of his bond, and voting, night after night, against his conscience. Liberality of sentiment, so native to his mind that it seemed involuntary or spontaneous, and not to be kept down, shook the confidence of the party in the equivocal partisan, who was a Liberal at heart; and pointed the sneers of those who congratulated themselves upon enjoying the benefit of his speeches, while his votes were given to the other side.

Before the close of the first session, it was fully ascertained that, though Frankland might be a formidable enemy, he was, save for his simple vote, and the celebrity of his name in certain town-circles, almost a dead-weight upon his new friends. It was well known to them that he had earnestly wished for some responsible situation, to improve his straitened pecuniary circumstances, and especially to free him from the degrading imputation of being a bought sinecurist; and different places of moderate emolument fell vacant, which were, in turn, refused to him; either from rising doubts among the higher powers of how far dependence could be placed upon him as a *thick-and-thin* partisan, or from other arrangements. It must soon have become evident to himself, that, however highly he might be considered as a tool, or a useful and keen instrument, of the administration, he must not aspire farther. He was neither constituted with the requisite degree of callousness and flexibility, nor yet endowed with the tact and discretion desirable. He had forfeited the pure fame of his youth; and he lacked the intrepidity which has so often enabled men of his profession, in like circumstances, to vamp up a false reputation by impudent pretension, and maintain it by bustle and effrontery, until the counterfeit passed current with the unthinking world for the real.

It was from this period that Frankland became thoroughly miserable—his life a burden more than he was able to bear; distrusted, as he imagined, by every party; baffled in that path of perverted ambition upon which his indiscreet involvements had thrust him; degraded before the world, and lowered in his own esteem; finding the wages of his disgrace quite inadequate to the still increasing wants of his household; and the wife of his bosom, the joint cause of his ruin, altogether incapable of comprehending why “Frankland was so very wretched, now that their prospects were so much improved, *would he only exert himself a little more.*”

He rallied a little during the summer and autumn months, which he spent somewhere in

the country, in composition; finding at once relief to his spirits, and a needful addition to his income, in literary occupation. But the meeting of Parliament could not be averted by Frankland's reluctance to enact a hateful part. Questions were impending which left no refuge for temporizers. As one of the ablest and most eloquent men of his party, he was expected, for its interests, or in its defence, to unsay all that he had ever maintained; to outrage his feelings; to belie his conscience; to immolate his character in the face of the disgusted public, and that with his own suicidal hand. As the time drew near, his intellect must, I think, have become partially disordered; for the worst part of madness is surely already realized, when the unfortunate man is haunted by the horrible apprehension that his reeling mind is about to be prostrated beneath the accumulating load of a misery composed of so many struggling and chaotic elements.

A lamentable change was now wrought upon his temper, which became fitful, moody, and suspicious—misanthropic gloom alternating with paroxysms of fury, which made the possessed man a terror to himself and all around him. This distressing symptom, was, in part, and I believe rightly, attributed to the excessive use of wine and opiates, to which he had become fatally addicted within the last two years—the insidious slave having, during this long interregnum of his reason, become the imperious master. He had been seen more than once in the House of Commons under this destroying influence. The failure of his mental faculties under this withering and blight of the heart, and freezing up of all that was living and genial in the spirit, was soon painfully manifest to his friends; and, at what might be called his *lucid intervals*, tormentingly so to himself—to whose proud mind, raving insanity itself appeared a lighter infliction than drivelling, maudlin imbecility.

Upon a certain night, about the middle of the session, it had been arranged in divan, at Tilsit House, that Frankland was to open an important debate in introducing a ministerial bill. The question involved a point of international law with which he was known to be well acquainted, and one, at the same time, which afforded scope for his poetic fire, his earnest eloquence, and the range of apt and felicitous illustration over which he held unrivalled mastery. His really friendly patron, Lord Tilsit, who now well knew both his strength and his weakness, had taken the precaution to enjoin Caroline Vane to keep her brother-in-law in proper trim, as much depended that night upon his self-possession, and the cool and entire command of all his faculties. Where so much was at stake, the *esprit de famille* of Miss Vane would, I am certain, not allow her to be negligent, and Frankland himself had a double motive to play his part well. There was responsibility and honor connected with it; and the manner in which he performed his task was to be the vindication of the minister with the public in doing a generous thing.

It had been suggested—partly, perhaps, in compassion, but, quite as likely, to gratify a colleague, and get rid of an incumbrance—that Mr. Frankland, this bill well through, should obtain a judgeship in India. Here was, at last, the prospect of ample income, sweetened to Helena and her family, by the magic title of “My Lady:”—an Indian judge is always knighted.

This night Frankland hoped might be—nay, he passionately longed that it should be—his final appearance in that arena, to figure in which had been the dream of his highest youthful ambition. The hope of long, perhaps interminable exile, from the country in which he had lately suffered so much, came to his withered spirit like the rush of waters to the parched traveller of the desert. It had already made him a new man. His dormant sympathies were awakened; his temper softened, his heart melted and overflowed. But once more he was to appear in Parliament; and, like the phoenix, he would expire in purifying and revivifying fires; and, when he had passed away, the memory of his errors might surely be forgotten, and men think of him more in sorrow than in anger.

Though he had been for months more or less under the influence of fever, he seemed in better and more tranquil spirits on this evening. He wrote me the last note I was ever to receive from him, with an order for admission into the House of Commons, and a request that I would come and hear his *last speech and confession*. I presumed, that he intended to make some apology or vindication of his public conduct. He informed me of his Indian prospects, and added a few of those touching words, which made my heart leap back to him, as the heart of a mother may cling to and yearn over her sinful, but ever beloved child.

I was afterwards informed, that while he drank coffee with his wife and her sister, he talked incessantly of India, and with somewhat of the light-heartedness of his brightest days. He took what afterwards became a memorably affectionate leave of his infant daughter; and, turning back, advised Mrs. Frankland to go early to bed as the house would sit late. He then dispatched Timothy with some volumes necessary for reference in the course of his speech, and said he would follow him. Frankland had received this faithful black, at the age of ten or twelve years, as a legacy from his mother. Timothy, with his coxcombry, his broken English, his hilarity, and simple good-heartedness, was a favorite with every one, from peevish Mrs. Vane to her infant grand-daughter; and to every one he was obliging—but to his master, devoted, with what looked like the worship of an inferior nature to some protecting beneficent intelligence. No degree of caprice, or harshness of temper, in his altered master, could alienate the affection of Timothy. Mrs. Frankland might repine and complain of her husband; but Timothy could only look somewhat grave; or, if much pressed, remark that “*Massa hab very much to wex him.*”

Frankland was naturally too aristocratic to have endured any degree of sociality in a white servant: the tie which connected him with Timothy for so many years was more like that which attaches a man to his faithful dog, than the bond existing between a gentleman and his domestic. It implied blind fidelity and affection upon the one side, and unlimited protection upon the other.

Timothy was now well known about the parlours of the House of Commons to the party-colored loungers there, as Mr. Frankland's servant—“Frankland the Barrister, the famous RAT;” and the poor fellow had been subjected to taunts and insults from the Liberals of the shoulder-knot, upon his master's apostasy, which the instinct of affection alone could have led him to comprehend and conceal. Timothy had parried or endured these attacks with all the temper and

patience he could muster, until this evening, when the insolent varlets so jostled and crowded him as to throw the books he carried into the mud, while they jeered him as usual with his master's dishonor. His fervid African blood was raised to the boiling pitch, and Timothy was skirmishing all around, in a kind of general *mêlée*, blood streaming down his distorted visage, when his master came up, and in a passionate, and what the by-standers considered an imperious tone, demanded who had dared to insult his servant; at the same time, collaring and dragging forward a fellow, whom he supposed the ringleader in the assault. There was now a general rush and tumult; and the negro, blind with rage, struck out with both hands at a man dressed like a respectable mechanic, who, he blubbered, was "The dam rascal say Massa Frankland turn him coat."

The mortal pang which shot through the proud heart of Frankland may be imagined, as the crowd raised a rude laugh, and yelled back, in mockery, the words employed by the black. Insult like this must have wound to frenzy the sensitive mind of a man of proud nature, who, from childhood, had been taught to cherish a feeling of personal dignity, morbid in its delicacy and excess. His pale, haughty countenance, distorted by passion, and his contemptuous and defying tone, were not suited to the humor of John Bull, who might naturally fancy himself entitled to a little fun at the expense of his own pensioner.

Though the persons nearest at hand stood off in decent respect, the yelling and hooting on the outskirts of the crowd increased, and stones were thrown, not at Timothy, but his master. Frankland had been thus baited for some minutes, before he fell into a fit from the violence of his overwrought feelings. The savages became tame on the instant; and he was carried into the nearest coffee-house. He was not long of recovering sense, and the recollection of his position and duties; and, in spite of the bold dissuasions of Timothy, the innocent cause of all this mischief, he persisted in going to the house; and, accordingly, leaning on the black, staggered out, shivering, as the poor fellow, in his affectionate jargon, afterwards informed me, as if in an ague fit.

The speaker was already in the chair; the members were fast gathering; and Lord Tilsit's private secretary had the satisfaction to report, by note, to his employer, then in the House of Peers, that Mr. Frankland was in his place, and sitting very quietly, as if concentrating his ideas. I was already at my post, and congratulated myself on being able to tell some of my acquaintances among the reporters, that Mr. Frankland was to redeem himself to-night.

The house was opened, the routine business despatched—and Frankland's hour was come. He seemed still buried in thought, abstracted or absent; and one of the ministerial party on the bench beside him, and acquainted with the programme of the night, hastily pushed by and whispered to him. He rose, and commenced with the customary words; but in a low and tremulous, though perfectly distinct voice; the tones of which struck on my ear, as if they were the echo of the thrilling whispers of his exquisitely modulated, oratorical speech. There was a deep hush throughout the house. He suddenly ceased. Still there was unbroken respectful silence. He attempted again and again to resume; but appeared spell-

bound, or as if his faculties had suddenly deserted him. The patience, the good-breeding—let me give it the true name—the humane sympathy of his auditors with the fallen man, were, indeed, remarkable, time and place considered.

There were some muffled encouraging cheers, or rather murmurs; and the winks and whispers about his suspected condition, were, I am sure, not meant to be perceived by himself. Lord Byron has somewhere told of poor Sheridan talking of himself and his misfortunes until he at midnight would shed tears. "Perhaps he was maudlin," observes his lordship—"and does not this make it but the more affecting?" I forget the words; but the sentiment is correct, and shows Byron to have had a more profound sensibility than I can discover in much of his most admired poetry.

In the House of Commons, there were a few men who could feel the deeper compassion for Frankland, that he was thus cast down—he who had stood so high—who had shone a light among his fellows. He sat down for, perhaps, about ten seconds, as if to recover himself. HE alone who has breathed upon man, and from the dust created the living spirit, can reckon the measure of agony which, in that brief space of time, may be sustained by the immortal essence. I was almost paralyzed myself before Frankland feebly rose and again repeated by rote the customary words—then abruptly stopped, and, after a thrilling pause, whispered, "Gentlemen, I fear I have forgot it all," and burst into an agony of tears!—

While I breathe, I shall from my soul detest the brutal ruffian, dishonoring a chivalrous name, whose vociferous laugh, preceding the words—

"Maudlin, by Jove!" set the house into a roar.

Frankland, on the instant, raised his head, drew himself up and back, and regarded the unfeeling fox-hunter with a look which no one who beheld it can ever forget.—His high spirit burst its earthly tenement: he fell forward—and was borne away.

It was a full half hour before I could trace whither he had been carried, so that I might follow him. I was shown to a lock-up chamber at the top of a neighboring coffee-house, across the threshold of which lay the negro, grovelling like a dog, and howling in his despair. I passed over his prostrate body into the apartment.—Upon a long table, in the centre of it, lay, stretched in his clothes — I need tell no more.

I turned down the corner of the napkin which covered the face, and started and thrilled to behold the very lineaments of the lofty and benign countenance which had first beamed upon me in the pit of Drury Lane seven years before, and which I had never seen since then, until the present hour.

Poetic justice! It is, indeed, the merest chimaera—a mockery for rhymers and fictionists to point their tales withal. Within less than two years, Mrs. Frankland became the wife of Lord Tilsit's former secretary—a man certainly not "of genius," and one sufficiently prudent and benefited to satisfy even the desires of Mrs. Vane. The ladies declare that Helena is more beautiful than ever, a finer woman, and a more fashionable matron. Her house is still in Berkeley Square.

As her carriage rolls past me, in a quiet street, she will smile and kiss her hand. Once,

lately, she summoned me to its steps, as it drew up opposite a shop in Bond Street; and, between the whiles that the cringing shopmen brought out their wares, to be inspected at her ease, she said many kind things, and flattering things, almost in the voice of her sister Caroline, about my friendship for Mr. Frankland. I was even affected by the rush of tears which flowed to her "violet eyes," until she sighed, "Poor Frankland and I would have been so happy, save for those wretched *pecuniary involvements*!—*Apropos*, you must call some morning, and see if we can make nothing of his masses of old papers."

There is a certain picturesque churchyard within a few miles of London, to which I, every spring, for the last five years, have made an Easter Sunday-morning pilgrimage. Among its numerous monuments and tombstones, is one plain white marble slab, which bears this simple inscription:—

JAMES CHARLES FRANKLAND, ESQ.,  
BARRISTER AT LAW,  
DIED ON 7TH APRIL, 182—. AGED THIRTY-TWO.  
THIS STONE IS ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY,  
BY HIS GRATEFUL FRIEND,  
JOHN GREENE.

#### SUMMER WOODS.

COME ye into the summer woods;

There entereth no annoy;

All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,  
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights

Of beauty you may see,

The bursts of golden sunshine,  
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,

The honeysuckles twine;

There blooms the rose-red campion,  
And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant "true-love,"

In some dusk woodland spot;

There grows the enchanter's night-shade,  
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,

Unscared by lawless men;

The blue-winged jay, the wood-pecker,  
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,

The timid and the bold;

For their sweet life of pleasantness,  
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer-wood,

Among the leaves so green,

There flows a little gurgling brook,  
The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds,

Without a fear of ill;

Down to the murmuring water's edge,  
And freely drink their fill!

And dash about and splash about,

The merry little things;

And look askance with bright black eyes,  
And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop

Down from their leafy tree,

The little squirrels with the old,—  
Great joy it was to me!

And down unto the running brook,

I've seen them nimbly go;

And the bright water seemed to speak  
A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bow their heads,

As if, in heartsome cheer,

They spake unto those little things,  
"Tis merry living here!"

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!

I saw that all was good,

And how we might glean up delight  
All round us, if we would!

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,

Beneath the old wood-shade,

And all day long has work to do,  
Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,

And roots so fresh and fine

Beneath their feet, nor is there strife  
'Mong them for *mine and thine*.

There is enough for every one,

And they lovingly agree;

We might learn a lesson, all of us,  
Beneath the green-wood tree!

Mary Howitt.

#### THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

PUT by thy work, dear mother,

Dear mother come with me,

For I've found within the garden,  
The beautiful sweet pea!

And rows of stately hollyhocks

Down by the garden-wall,

All yellow, white, and crimson,  
So many-hued and tall!

And bending on their stalks, mother,

Are roses white and red;

And pale-stemmed balsams, all a-blow,  
On every garden-bed.

Put by thy work, I pray thee,

And come out, mother dear!

We used to buy these flowers,  
But they are growing here!

Oh, mother! little Amy would

Have loved these flowers to see;—

Dost remember how we tried to get  
For her a pink sweet pea?

Dost remember how she loved

Those rose-leaves pale and sere?

I wish she had but lived to see  
The lovely roses here!

Put by thy work, dear mother,

And wipe those tears away;

And come into the garden  
Before 't is set of day!

Mary Howitt.